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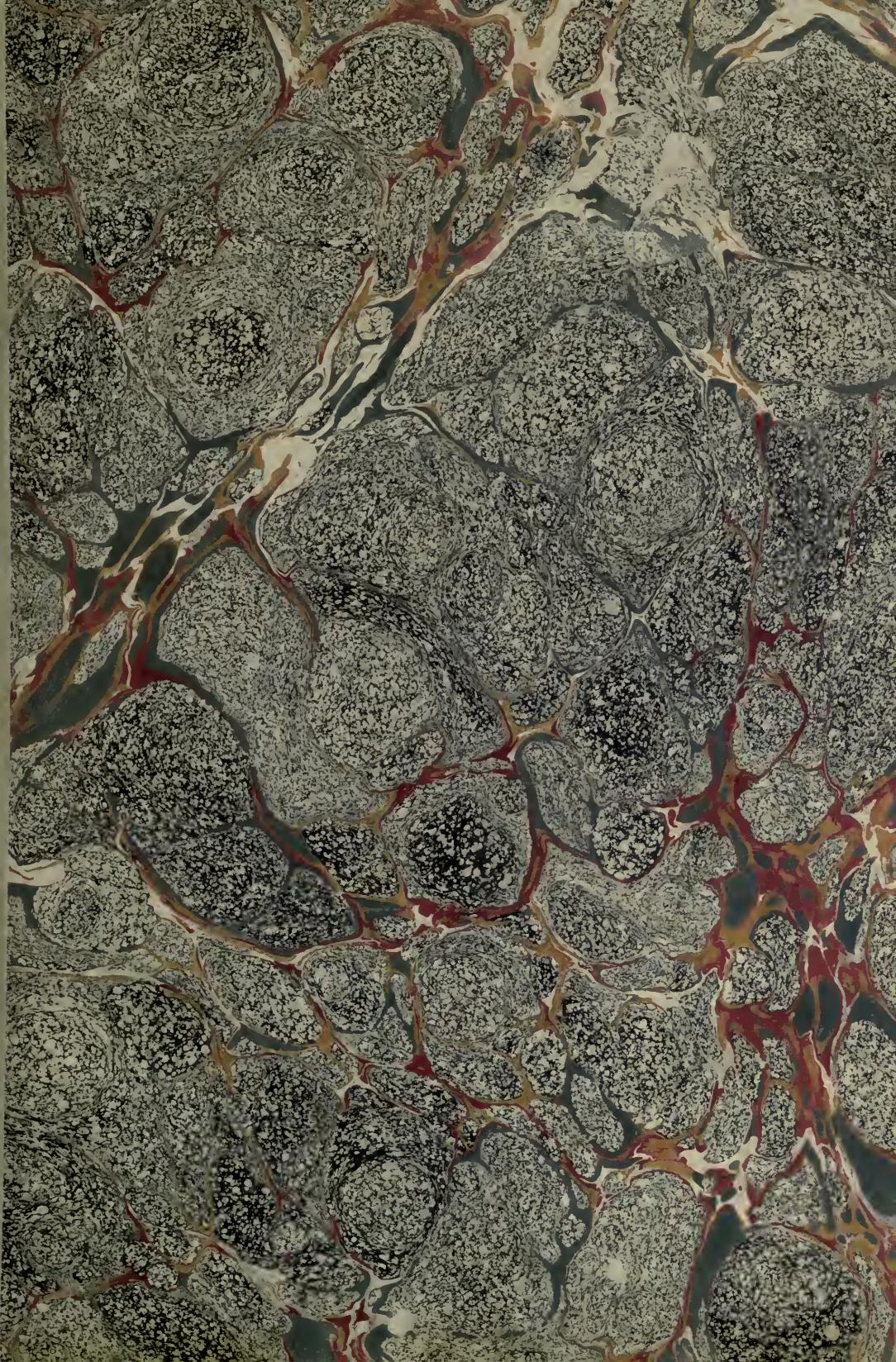
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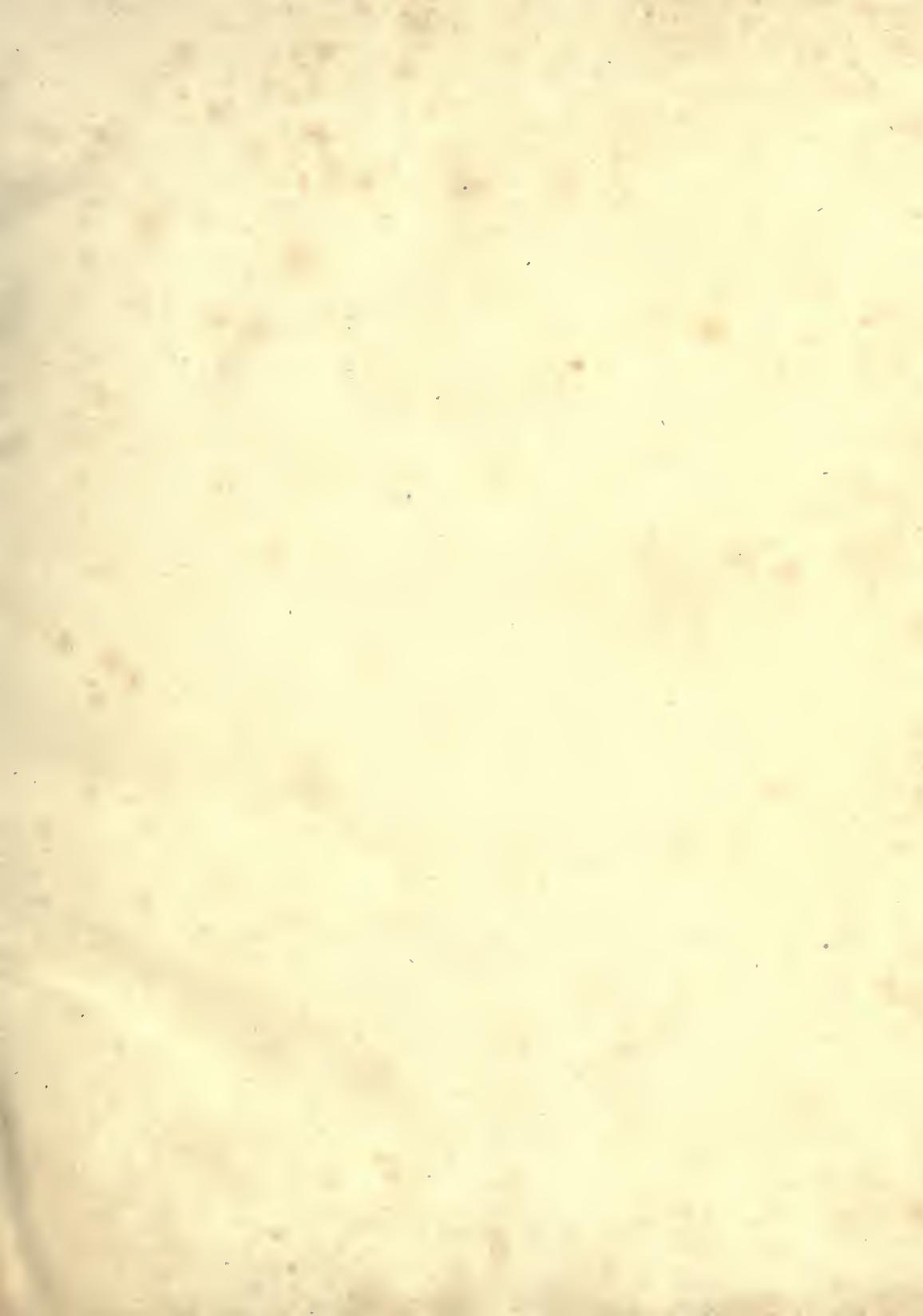
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P O E M S

B Y

THOMAS HOCCKLEVE,

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED:

SELECTED FROM A MS. IN THE POSSESSION OF

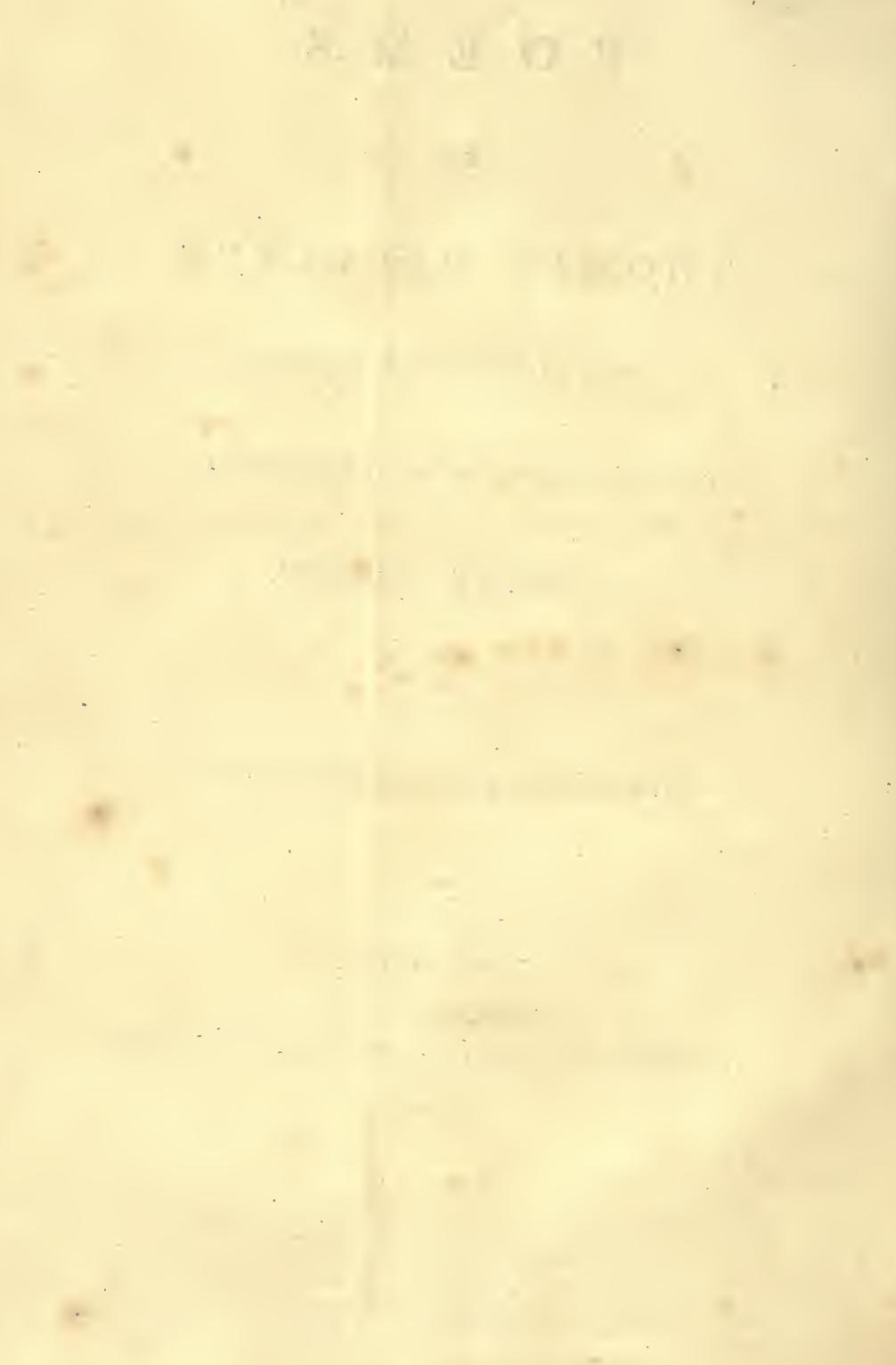
GEORGE MASON.

WITH A PREFACE, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED, BY C. ROWORTH,
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MDCCXCVI.



PR
1992
H65A17
TO 1796

THAT INTELLIGENT

FRIEND OF LITERATURE,

GEORGE JOHN EARL SPENCER,

THESE POEMS OF HOCCLEVE

MOST SATISFACTORILY

THEIR EDITOR INSCRIBES.

PR
1992
H65A17
1996

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE MS., from which these Poems are selected, came into the hands of the editor at the well-known auction of Dr. Askew's MSS. in 1785. By the arms on both sides of the cover the book appears to have belonged to Henry Prince of Wales, son to James the first. The circumstance of most of the poems not being known to exist elsewhere has induced the editor to specify the contents of the MS. in his preface--- that any other possessor of any of these pieces may know them to be the same, and have the option of communicating intelligence upon the subject.

E R R A T A.

Page 19. line 10. after *editions* insert by Berthelet.

25. line 15. *scarfesly* should be printed *scarfesly*.
27. line penult. in notes, for ablative read oblative.
30. turn the comma at the end of v. 36 into a colon.
31. v. 54. for *grace re-concyle* read *grace reconcyle*.
37. v. 138. for *deer* read *deere*.
43. v. 230. for *fogete* read *forgete*.
52. v. 374. for *thir* read *ther*.
53. v. 392. for *ne* read *no*.
54. v. 405. for *displefaunt* read *displefaunt*.
58. line 3. after IL insert ESTOIT.

Errors merely *literal* (as *comentator*, *Wintownis*, &c.) are not particularly set forth.

P R E F A C E.

THIS publication contains six poems, selected out of seventeen, which make the whole of a Ms. in the editor's possession, and were all written by THOMAS HOCCLEVE. He is more generally called OCCLEVE; but his name is here spelt as it stands in the Ms. wherever this poet speaks of himself. Particulars of HOCCLEVE's life have been very sparingly transmitted to us: some of those too, which we have, are totally inconsistent with many of his sentiments, as delivered by him in his poetry. Also the very time of his birth, and the duration of his existence, are left exceedingly at large by all who mention him. Yet both of these may be pretty nearly ascertained from what will occur in this selection. It is most probable, that HOCCLEVE was born about the year 1370. The reasons for this conclusion will be fully set forth in notes,

to the passages, whence the inference is drawn. From what our poet says of himself*, he has been styled CHAUCER's disciple. The age he was of, when first honoured by the notice of this great master, does not appear ; but according to the computation of his birth, he must have been thirty years old when CHAUCER died.

PITTS says, that HOCCLIVE studied the law at *Chester's Inn*, and was a writer to the *Privy Seal* for twenty years. His residence at “*Chestres† Inne by the Stronde*” is testified by himself in the introduction to his poem *de regimine principum*. That he belonged to the *Privy Seal* for a considerable length of time in the younger and middle part of his life, is almost manifest from passages in the poems now published. When he quitted this office, or what means of subsistence he afterwards had, cannot be so clearly determined. PITTS seems to insinuate, that he was provided for by HUMPHREY Duke of Gloucester, saying, “ that he wonderfully

* See testimonies of CHAUCER in URRY's edition, and WARTON's *English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 43.

† This was one of the buildings pulled down to make room for the first erection of *Somerset House* ; but (according to DUGDALE's *Orig. Jurid.*) was once the town residence of the *Bishops of Litchfield*, who were formerly called bishops of *Chester*. [See SPELMAN's *Remains*, p. 212 at bottom, and WRIGHT's edition of Heylin's *Help to English History*, p. 58 and 60 and 130.] This accounts for the name of the edifice ; but at what time it was converted into an Inn for law-students, and whether it was only made a part of *Stronde Inn*, are circumstances not specified either in DUGDALE or SPELMAN.

“ celebrated

“celebrated this patron in his verses.” Both these things may possibly be true ; but no specific vouchers are adduced for either---by PITTS. Mr. WARTON indeed strengthens the latter assertion by saying, “OCCLEVE in this poem [*de regimine principum*] and in others, often celebrates HUMPHREY Duke of Gloucester*.” In these *others* (not seen by the editor) Mr. WARTON probably had grounds for what he advanced ; but the poem *de regimine principum* makes no mention of HUMPHREY : nor was it at all likely that it should ; since, at the time of HOCCLÈVE’s promulgating that work, HUMPHREY was neither Duke of Gloucester, nor of an age to be a patron. In the editor’s Ms. are two little poems, which were sent with this piece, one to the Prince of Wales (afterwards HENRY V.) and the other to Prince John afterwards Duke of Bedford. There are passages of the poem to Prince JOHN, which almost imply *his* being then under a tutor : and HUMPHREY was the *youngest* of the princes. In all the seventeen pieces (contained in the editor’s Ms.) there is certainly not a word of HUMPHREY. Whatever was the source of HOCCLÈVE’s support in the latter period of his life, it is pretty evident from the last poem in this selection, that he could be little short of eighty years of age at the time of his writing it. One of the dates assigned to his æra in TANNER’s

* Hist. of Eng. Poet. vol. ii. p. 44.

Bibliotheca is 1454; which is very likely to have been the year of his decease.

BALE tells us, “ that OCCLEVE had imbibed the religious ‘ tenets of WICLIFF and BERENGARIUS ; ” and seemingly quotes a passage from WALSINGHAM to prove it. As the passage stands in the printed copies of WALSINGHAM, it has been grievously mis-quoted by BALE. The historian is speaking of WICLIFF in the year 1381, and says of him “ reassumens “ damnatas opiniones Berengarii et OCKLEFE.” This passage would make Wicliff an Ocklefan, instead of Ocklefe a Wiccliffian, and could never relate to our HOCCLEVE, then a boy not twelve years old. Indeed from comparing Walsingham with himself in his *Ypodeigma Neufricæ*, and with the Monk of *Evesham*’s Life of Richard II. the words “ et “ Ocklefe” seem rather some blundering interpolation. Our author had so little imbibed the tenets of that early reformer, that he frequently shews himself much too violent against Wicliff’s followers.

So many circumstances of HOCCLEVE’s private life are displayed in the selected poems, that the editor’s principal inducement, for giving these particular pieces to the public, has arisen from his observing such kind of matter to be contained in them. Private anecdotes in the least degree characteristic are always amusing ; and when they bring us acquainted

acquainted with peculiar habits and manners after the intervention of centuries, can hardly fail of interesting readers of curiosity. The subject of the chief poem in this publication is the poet's own dissipated life. Nor is his propensity to extravagance unaccountable, since the example of the *second* Richard's court was always before his eyes in his youth. Hardynge's Chronicle plainly sets forth the excessive profusion of that unfortunate monarch.

Truly I heard Robert Ireleffe say
 Clerke of the greencloth, that to the household
 Came every day, for the most part alway
 Ten Thousand folk by his messes told
 That followed the house ay as they wold,
 And in the kechin three hundredth servitours,
 And in eche office many occupiours.

And Ladies faire with their gontilwomen,
 Chamberers also and launderers
 Thre hundredth of them were occupied then.
 There was great pride among the officers,
 And of all men for paffyng their compeers,
 Of rich array and much more costious
 Than was before, or sith, and more precious.
 Yomen

Yomen and gromes in clothe of silke arayed
 Sattyn and damask, in doublittes and gouns,
 In cloth of green and scarlet, for unpayed.
 Cut worke was great, both in court and townes,
 Bothe in mens hoodes, and also in their gounes,
 Broudur and furres, and goldsmith werke ay new
 In many a wyse eche day they did renewe.

The poetical merit of our author has been variously estimated by those that have treated of it. It would be idle to refer to Pitts or Bale, as arbiters in this way; but WILLIAM BROWNE had an easy vein of harmonious poetry, and cannot well be supposed an incompetent judge on the subject. He has incorporated into his *Shepherd's Pipe* (published in 1614) a whole poem written by HOCCLEVE, translated from *Gesta Romanorum*, and entitled *The Story of Jonathas*. BROWNE soon after says,

Well I wot, the man, that first
 Sung this lay, did quench his thirst
 Deeply, as did ever one,
 In the Muses' Helicon.

Mr. WARTON (in his Dissertation on *Gesta Romanorum*) directly dissent from the writer of these praises: yet his chief

chief reason for doing so seems not to be warranted by the real state of the fact. His words are, “ he [HOCCLEVE] has “ given no sort of embellishment to his original.” Had Mr. WARTON found fault with the poet’s *mode* of embellishment, the editor would have felt a diffidence in a contrary opinion to that of so able a critic ; but the general negation is certainly unfounded. HOCCLEVE indeed adheres closely to the substance of the story, yet embellishes it in various places by judicious insertions of his own, and of which there are no traces at all in his original. The tale would absolutely appear in certain parts of it as if it had been mutilated, were it not for these additional touches. In some of them there is a strain of pleasantry similar to that of PRIOR ; and which the modern poet in one instance probably copied. At the meeting of Jonathas with his paramour, HOCCLEVE says, that he

rowned * in her ear,
Nat wot I what, for I ne cam nat there.

PRIOR says in *Downhall*,

And Morley most lovingly *whisper'd* the maid.
The maid ! was she handsome ? why truly fo-fo :
But what Morley *whisper'd*, *we never shall know.*

* Whispered.

PRIOR had access to the Harleian Library, where he might as easily have seen the *Shepherd's Pipe*, as he did *The Not-browne Mayde*.

In his preceding volume of the History of English Poetry Mr. WARTON had spoken unfavourably of the talents of HOCCLEVE: he had called him “a feeble writer, as a poet,” and gone so far as to say, “the *titles* of his pieces indicate a “coldness of genius.” And might not such a remark be said to *indicate* some degree of prejudice? Many an admirable poem would stand in danger of being consigned to oblivion, if an *index expurgatorius* should be framed from the bare inspection of *titles*. The very person here stigmatised for coldness of genius is (a few pages after) deservedly commended by his censurer, for expressing great warmth of sensibility in some lines to the memory of Chaucer.

Mr. WARTON’s final sentence against HOCCLEVE is grounded on supposing in him a total want of “invention and fancy.” The editor of the present selection by no means presumes to enter into competition with the judgment of so eminent and ingenious a writer; and, as far as evidence was equally open to both, acquiesces in the decision of an infinitely superior authority. But there are strong reasons for believing, that none of the poems in the editor’s Ms.

(except

(except two of the shortest, already mentioned as sent to the Princes) could ever have been seen by Mr. WARTON*. Of the remaining fifteen the *title* only of one (in the words *de suis prodigalitatibus*) is in TANNER; but, where the poem itself existed, TANNER could give no intimation. The late Mr. TYRWHITT, whose accuracy in researches of this kind needs not be expatiated upon, knew of no other Ms. in which any of these fifteen pieces were to be met with. Now had some of these, especially some of the present selection, been seen by Mr. WARTON, the editor really thinks, that this discerning critic would have perceived more originality in HOCCLIVE, than he deemed him possest of, and consequently have held him in a somewhat higher degree of estimation. There is at least through the whole of this Ms. a negative merit, which Mr. WARTON must have accounted singular in a poet of so early a period: since this very merit is alledged by himself against allowing the authenticity of the poems called Rowley's. I mean, there are no anachronisms, “no incongruous combinations” in all these † poetical remains.

I now

* It may be asked, why the editor did not offer Mr. Warton the use of this Ms.? It was not in the editor's possession, till a few years after Mr. Warton had published his third and last volume.

† The editor does not assert, that HOCCLIVE was always free from any defect of this sort. In his *Letter of Cupid* (published with Chaucer) this heathen god talks of *angels* and the *twelve apostles*, of the *Virgin Mary* and the *Devil*. But this *Letter* might

I now proceed to give the reader a list of the contents of the Ms. whence this selection is made, and which seems to have been written about the middle of the 15th century.

CONTENTS OF THE MS.

A *Complaint of the Virgin Mary* ought to be number

I. but wants the beginning, which was probably an illuminated leaf, and torn out for the sake of the illumination. To prevent this imperfection of the volume from being manifest at first sight, some proprietor has transposed the remainder of this piece into the middle of the next, and inserted it after the second leaf of what was properly the *second* poem, but of which the *beginning* now stands *first*. This fragment contains twenty-nine stanzas of seven lines each, and ends thus :

for your redemptioun.

Cette compleynte paramount feust translatee au comandement de Madame de Hereford* que dieu pardoynt.

This

have been lost, or not known for *Hoccleve's*, and was probably one of his most youthful compositions. There are in the editor's Ms. 2200 verses on 17 different subjects, entirely clear of that absurdity, which Mr. WARTON deemed inseparable from the productions of *Hoccleve's* æra. If the contents of this Ms. had been all the remains of its author, they might have been made use of as a very strong argument in reply to Mr. WARTON's.

* *Madame de Hereford* was probably Anne, daughter to Thomas of Woodstock, Duke

[This French colophon, and most of the titles following, cannot possibly be quite so old as the poems, to which they are respectively annexed: some of them perhaps were not older than the Ms.]

II. Cette feust fee au temps q̄ le R. H. la v̄t q̄ dieu
p̄doint feust a Hampton sur son primer passage vers
Harflete.

This title (standing first in the Ms.) belongs to a balade address to SIR JOHN OLDCASTELL; from whose critical situation at the time, as well as from the notoriety of the subject, this balade may appear one of the properest for publication. But the editor has rejected it, as too great an imposition on the patience of his readers. It consists of sixty-four eight-line stanzas, and is much more of a theological disputation, than a poetical exercise: one stanza may serve for a sample of its argumentation:

Duke of Gloucester; who, on the death of her mother the Dutches, in October 1399, seems to have assumed the title of Countess of Hereford. The Lady spoken of as such in Hardinge's Chronicle (198 b) could not well have been any other.

Right as a spectacle' helpith feeble sighte,
 Whan a man on the book redith or writ,
 And causith him to see bet* than he mighte ;
 In which spectacle his sighte nat† a bit
 But gooth thurgh ‡, and on the book restith it ;
 The same may men of ymágés seye :
 Thogh the ymá-ge nat the feint be, yit
 The sighte us myngith || to the feint to preye.

So little does HOCCL EVE in this poem incline to Wiccliffian principles, that in the zeal of papistical orthodoxy he advises OLDCASTELL to leave off studying “ holy writ,” and read *Lancelot de Lake* §, or *Vegece¶*, or the *Siege** of Troie or Thebes*. But if he will needs read the bible, he sends him to *Judicum*, *Regum*, *Josue*, *Judith*, *Paralipomenon*, and *Machabe* †† ; than which he tells him,

Mo-re autentic shalt thou fyn-de noon††,
 Ne§§ mo-re pertinent to chivalrie.

* Better. † Not. ‡ Through. || Reminds. See Lye's Junius. *Ming*.

§ A famous book of chivalrie. ¶ Vegetius.

** Poems on each of these subjects were afterwards written by Lydgate ; but the books here recommended were most likely to have been Latin or French.

†† In other words, *Judges*, *Kings*, *Josua*, *Judith*, the *Chronicles*, and the *Machabees*.

†† None.

§§ Nor.

In the same poem we have the following line :

Ye medle' of al thyng, ye moot* *þho the goos.*

This saying is stated in modern books of proverbs to be *Scottisb.* As there are also a few other words and phrases used by **HOCCLEVE**, which are still current in some northern counties, and which do not occur in other writers co-temporary with our poet, it might incline us to imagine, that he was of northern parentage†.

This second poem begins,

The laddre of hevene-----

III. La male regle de T. Hoccleve
stands first in the present selection.

IV. Ceste balade ensuante feust faite au tres noble Roy
H. le v^t q^u dieu pardoint le jour q^u les Seigneurs de son
Roialme luy firent lour homages a Kenyngton
contains five eight-line stanzas, and begins,

The kyng of kynges-----

* Must.

† In confirmation of this conjecture it may be observed, that **HOCCLOUGH** is the name of a parish in Northumberland. At the same time it must be owned, that there are other parishes in more southern counties whose names approach full as near to that of **HOCCLEVE**, and that many words and phrases which now exist only in the north, might in old times have been general over the island.

V. Cestes balades ensuyantes feurent faites au tres noble Roy H. le quint q̄ dieu pardoint, & au tres honorable compagnie du Jartier.

The two balades, here coupled by a double title, consist of four eight-line stanzas each, and the first begins,

To yow, welle of honur-----

VI. Ad beatam Virginem.

A penitential hymn of fifteen eight-line stanzas, beginning Modir of lyf-----

VII. Ceste balade ensuyante feust faite tost apres que les osse du Roy Richard feurent apportez a Westmenster

contains six eight-line stanzas, and begins,

Wher as that this land-----

VIII is the last of the seleiction.

IX. Ad beatam Virginem.

A prayer to the Virgin for her intercession ; before the conclusion of which, Saint John is admitted to an equal share of the poet's adoration. Addresses to the Virgin in former times

times were couched in phrases strangely figurative. *Godric* (hermit of *Finchale*) in the twelfth century styles her “Christes Bur” [chamber]: in the fifteenth our courtly writer to the Privy Seal converts this *chamber* into a *palace*, and calls the Virgin “Paleys of Cryst.” The piece contains twenty seven-line stanzas, and begins,

Modir of God-----

X. Ce feust mys en le livre de Mons'. Johan lors nommez ore Regent de France & Duc de Bedford.

This piece has already been mentioned, and exists in one of the Mss. in the British Museum of the poem *de regimine principum*. It contains three nine-line stanzas, and begins,

Unto the rial-----

XI has no title. It is a mere petition in verse to a clerical Lord Chancellor* for a patent to have arrearages paid, contains three eight-line stanzas, and begins,

Fadir in God-----

XII. Cestes balade & chanceon, &c.
second in the selection.

* The Archbishop of Canterbury [Fitzalan a younger son of an Earl of Arundel] was Lord Chancellor for three years from 1407.

XIII. Ceste

XIII. Ceste balade ensuyante feust mise en le fin du
 . livre del Regiment des princes
 (already mentioned, as addrest to Henry V. when Prince of
 Wales) is in all the Ms. of HOCCLÈVE's chief poem, which
 are perfect at the conclusion, though Number X. seems only
 to have been preserved in the Royal Ms. [17 D XVIII.], and
 in the editor's. The piece contains three eight-line stanzas,
 and begins,

O litil book-----

XIV. Item au Roy, &c.
 fourth in the selection.

XV. A. de B, &c.
 fifth in the selection.

XVI. Ceste balade ensuyante feut par le Court, &c.
 third in the selection.

XVII. Ceste balade ensuyante feust translatee au com-
 mandement de mon meistre Robert Chichele*.

This translated poem is a religious meditation, consisting
 of twenty stanzas ; the first of which being tolerably poeti-
 cal is here transcribed at length.

* A person of this name was twice (in 1411 and 1421) Lord Mayor of London,
 and probably brother to Henry Chichele made Archbishop of Canterbury by Henry
 V. ; indeed he is expressly called so in Wright's edition of Heylin. Weever (p. 409)
 gives us the inscription on his monument, which records his general benevolence.

As that I walkid in the monthe of May
 Befyde a grove, in an hevy musýnge,
 Flowers diverse I sy* right fresh and gay,
 And briddes† herde I eek lustyly‡ syngē,
 That to myn her-te yaf|| a confortynge :
 But everē' o § thoght me stang unto the herte,
 That dye I sholde and had-de no knowýnge,
 Whan-ne¶, ne** whidir†† I sholde hennes†† sterte §§.

LANGUAGE.

HOCCLEVE's language was chiefly Chaucerian, but had some real or seeming peculiarities of his own in it. Such of these as are *general* will be now treated of; those that are *particular* will be considered in the notes to the passages where they occur.

The liberty taken by our early printers, of modernizing to their own time (totally or partially) many things that they printed, makes it exceedingly difficult to ascertain with precision the exact state of our language at any former period. Neither are Mfs more infallible in this respect, unless

* Saw. † Birds. ‡ Merrily. || Gave. § One.

¶ When. ** Nor. †† Whither. †† Hence.

§§ Depart suddenly.

nearly co-eval with the production of the works themselves. Thus there must be a degree of uncertainty in all that can be said about this matter.

HOCCLEVE's uniform* adherence to the old *hem* and *hir*, and never using the more modern *them* and *their* to the middle of the fifteenth century, may appear singular to those, who see writings of the same period generally printed with the more modern words. But there is great likelihood, that others, besides HOCCLEVE, continued the same practice. In LYDGATE's *Story of Thebes* (printed with Chaucer in 1561) *hem* and *her* run through the whole of it. There may indeed be a particular propriety in Lydgate's adhering to these *old* words in his *Story of Thebes*, since he introduces it as told at the same time with the *Canterbury Tales*: consequently it required to be clothed precisely in the language of that æra. From Dugdale's edition of LYDGATE's *Dance of Death*, and Mr. Reed's of his *Chichevache and Bicorne*, and a Ms. of his *Legende of Seinte Margarete* in the editor's possession, it should seem as if he had used the new

* That HOCCLEVE *uniformly* used these old words may be doubted, because *them* and *their* constantly occur in his *tale of Jonathas*, as printed in BROWNE's *Shepherd's Pipe*. But the royal Ms. of *Jonathas* in the British Museum (17 D VI) has *hem* and *hir* throughout.

words and the old promiscuously*. Such is also the usage in other authentic remains of Hen. Vth's reign, as printed by Hearne†. *Them* constantly occurs in the metrical Boetius (Tavistock edition) written in 1410: which would certainly be suspicious, if it was not partly confirmed by Thorpe's trial in 1407, according to the copy of it (in State Trials) said to be written by Thorpe himself. Less credit is to be given to the accuracy of the editions of GOWER's *Confessio Amantis*, which was finished by him in 1393. Indeed it is only for some pages at the beginning of these editions, that we see *them* and *their*; nor are these words to be found at all in the Ms. of GOWER [Reg. 18 C. XXII.] At whatever period *them* got a footing in our language, *hem* certainly continued to hold a place in it so late as 1486; for we frequently meet with this old word in the metrical book of *hunting*, printed together with the treatise on *hawking* at St. Albans in that year‡.

Many

* The word *them* indeed in all these three copies of Lydgate's poems occurs but in one (*Dayce of death*) and there only once.

† Verses on the battle of Agincourt with *Thomas de Elmham*, and the earl of Cambridge's letter with *Foro-Julienis*.

‡ 1486. This St. Albans edition is one of the most remarkable books in the annals of English typography. Yet in the variorum Shakespeare of 1785, and also in a later edition of it, a note to the second part of Hen. VI. (act 2) tells us,

Many of Mr. TYRWHITT's grammatical hints on the language of CHAUCER may serve equally for HOCCLEVE. The latter uses the plural of the present tense in *en*, as *tormenten*; and of the preterit, as *feiden*; also the infinitive, as *withdrawen*; and the participle, as *founden*. This termination however is subject to two alterations: the first, when the *e* is omitted on account of a preceding *o*, as in *doon*; the other, when the *n* is cut off---a liberty often practised by old English writers, even with words which still retain the *n* in modern language. Thus we see *take*, *throw*, and *be* used by HOCCLEVE, as participles.

The termination *th** was used by Hoccleve in the second person plural of the imperative, as *beeth*, *keepith*, *dooth*. Mr.

that Juliana Barnes's book of *hawking* was *first* printed at Westminster 1496. This Westminster edition was indeed the *first* of an additional treatise on *fishing*: but could any commentator take *fishing* for *hawking*?

* It may not be here out of the way to observe, that the termination in *s* of the third person singular of the present tense was in use at the very beginning of the 14th century. This appears from a metrical psawter (deemed by Selden of the age of Edward II.) of which there are some extracts in *Weever*, p. 153. About the middle of the same century *Laurence Minot*, and other versifiers some years later, extended this termination to the *plurals* both of indicative and imperative. That such termination was most intelligible to the common people in Hoccleve's days, may be concluded, from its occurring no less than four times in the short proclamation for apprehending Sir John Oldcastell. The same formation may be found (once at least for rime-sake in the word *accrews*) in Hardynge's chronicle, and not unfrequently in the St. Albans edition of Juliana Barnes; yet it was so generally avoided by the best writers of *old English*, that it may be regarded as a proof of inferiority of style in any author before the 16th century.

TYRWHITT

TYRWHITT calls this termination *eth*; which would not suit the Ms. of *Hoccleve*, where it is much oftener *ith*. Whether this variation was the author's own, or only that of the Ms. is more than the editor can venture to pronounce. Of two royal Ms. of the poem *de regimine principum*, one [17 D. XVIII, which Mr. Warton calls the best] has always *ith* in the same words, that the other [17 D XIX] has *eth*. This variation equally takes place in the third person singular of the indicative.

Mr. TYRWHITT must have known, that in Chaucer's time, and even earlier, some nouns (not ending in *e*) formed their plurals by the mere addition of *s*. In the prologue alone to the Canterbury Tales are, *nations*, *sessions*, *coverchiefs*, *parishens*, and *achatours*; none of which words come within a rule of contraction, afterwards mentioned by that learned editor. Consequently what he says (vol. iv. p. 31) is a little defective with regard to plurals, though perfectly accurate as to genitive cases. All those plural nouns of three syllables, accented on the first, which Mr. TYRWHITT* remarks were dissyllables by contraction in Chaucer, are necessarily dissyllables in the editor's Ms., as *servants*: though the same word, when accented upon the *second*, is written and pronounced a tri-

* See his note on *palmeres*, p. 110.

syllable, as *servantes*. This innovation, inasmuch as it makes the letters accord with the sound, appears to be an improvement---at least in orthography.

The infinitives after some particular verbs (as *bid*) have generally in the present times no *to* prefixt to them: this omission of *to* before an infinitive seems to have been practised by HOCCLEVE after most verbs indiscriminately.

G L O S S A R Y.

In a volume of so little bulk, as the present is, there can be no excuse for sparing any pains in composing the *glossary*, which may tend to render it more useful. It therefore generally refers to the passages, which contain the words needing explanation. A view of the context often gives better information of the import of a word, than does any exposition by the glossarist. The editor of *Wintownis Cronykil* might have been content with stating his reasons for omitting such references himself, without carping at the preferable mode adopted by Mr. TYRWHITT. Mr. Macpherson's argument against such a serviceable addition goes much more to the point of form, than to substance. If a glossarist is able in a small compass to rival the lexicographer, why should he not? more especially, when he happens to treat of words,

words, which come not within the plan of any lexicographer whatever? This method of making a glossary serve in some respect as a verbal index to the work itself, is a considerable help to all those, who are disposed to be studiers of language. Confining the advantage of such a labour merely to the perusal of a single book, is depriving the literary world of a benefit, almost infinitely more extensive.

The actual usage of words by his author, and the consequential instruction to be derived from it by readers of old English, being the points principally considered by the editor in his glossary, he has no recourse to mere etymological derivations, except when requisite for proof, or for illustrating an exposition.

He thinks it needless, to load the glossary with words, that were created by the regular formation of verbs, which was then used, and which has partly been described in this preface. He observes the same rule in regard to other words, which will be further adverted to in the following section on orthography.

He looks upon it as superfluous, to explain any word, whose old signification is properly given in Johnson's dictionary---which, with all its faults, should be in every reader's hands, till the public is provided with a better. If

the

the same word is used in different senses, only those that are obsolete are taken notice of in the glossary.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

The editor makes a point of omitting nothing in the pieces here published, which he finds in his Ms. If he adds but so much as a letter, which the metre calls for, he prints it in italics.

He has scrupulously adhered to the practice of the Ms. in dividing some words which are now constantly one, as *un to*, *wher as*, *ther of*, &c. It makes the edition a faithful copy of old orthography.

The reader will frequently meet with a duplication of vowels, as in *aart*, *weel*, *ooth*, &c. but as this does not seem to make any alteration in sound, or number of syllables, no further notice will be taken of it.

Y is frequently put for *i*, *w* for *u*, and *y* or *i* for *e*.

Little variations of spelling that are common in books of the last century, and others from which no ambiguity can be occasioned, are left to be distinguished by the reader's sagacity.

VERSIFICATION.

It may be useful, to add a few observations to what Mr. TYRWHITT has already laid down on the *versification* of Chaucer.

Excepting one or two instances, where trisyllables accented on the first, and ending in *es*, are reduced to dissyllables, and which will be marked by an apostrophe, the final *es* (throughout HOC CLEVE) always makes a syllable of itself, and is never lost in the preceding one. *Floures*, and *her-tes* may serve for examples.

The final *en* follows the same rule, as in *know-en*: also the final *ed*, as in *cle-ved*.

The letter *e* in the middle of a word often makes a syllable, where moderns would not think of pronouncing one, as in *scarf-e-ly**. Where the *e* is not pronounced, it is sometimes absolutely omitted, as in *likly* and *shaply*: it is not omitted indeed in *every*, because that word seems always to have been a dissyllable in metre. The reader is desired to take for granted that this middle *e* makes a syllable, wherever no mark indicates the contrary.

* This mode of pronunciation is to be found in SPENSER, who makes *sa-fe-ty* a trisyllable in F. Q. B. iii. C. 5. ft. 36.

There are many syllables in modern language, which are still allowed to be such by grammarians, but are always lost by contraction in general pronunciation, or in verse. These however were usually distinct syllables in old English, and must be regarded as such in *HOCCLEVE*. Thus we read *preci-ous*, *cotidi-an*, *sapi-ence*, *confusi-oun*. This rule not being without exception, a mark of contraction is added where it is otherwife; as in *victoriōus*.

This division of syllables is sometimes carried still further: thus *ie* is but one syllable, as in *verifie*; but add a consonant and it is sometimes two, as in *mortifi-ed**: and even without an additional consonant by changing *i* into *y*, as in *gy-e*.

Particular distinctions of pronunciation will be pointed out by marks, but the reader no further apprised of the *general ones*.

The editor closes this preface with a thankful acknowledgment of having received many very useful hints, communicated by the judicious author of the *Curialia*.

* Thus *tri-ed* is a dissyllable in *SPENSER*, F. Q. B. iii. c. 9. ft. 25.

I.

LA MALE REGLE DE T. HOCCLEVE.

[THE MIS-RULE OF T. HOCCLEVE.]

O Precious tresor incomparáble,
O ground and roote of prosperitee,
O excellent riches-se commendáble
Aboven alle that in eerthe be,
Who may sustee-ne thyn adversitee ? 5
What wight may him avante of worldly welthe,
But if he fully stand in grace of thee,
Eerthely god, piler of lyf, thow helthe ?

Whil

V. 5. *Adversitee* is both here and elsewhere used by Hoccleve in the sense of *adverse influence*: See also Chaucer's R. R. 5547. "Fortune's adversity" is in some verses of the time of Hen. VIII. printed with Robert of Gloucester, p. 580.

V. 6. *Him avante.*] This verb, by the usage of it in Chaucer and Hoccleve, seems to have required the ablative case with it.

V. 8. Mr. WARTON thought it a sufficient objection to the authenticity of Row-

Whil thy pow-ér and excellent vigoúr
 (As was plesant un to thy worthynesse) 10
 Regned in me, and was my governóur,
 Than was I wel; tho felte I no duresse,
 Tho farsid was I with hertes gladnésse:
 And now my body empty is, and bare
 Of joie, and ful of seekly hevynesse, 15
 Al poore of ese, and ryche of evel fare.

If that thy favour twyn-ne from a wight,
 Smal is his ese, and greet is his grevánce.
 Thy love is lyf, thyn ha-te fleeth downright.
 Who may compley-ne thy disfeyerance 20

Bettre

ley, that “we have long and laboured invocations to Truth, to Hope, to Content, “ and other divinities of the pagan creed, or rather of the creed of modern poetry.” Here however we have a whole poem addrest to the *divinity* Health, not indeed the *pagan* one (for Hygeia was a * female) but of a *poetical creed*, which exifited half a century previous to the date attributed to Rowley.

* There is indeed mention in *PAUSANIAS* of a *male* deity of health, who was worshipt in various parts of Greece by various names, one of which was *Telephorus*: but it can hardly be imagined, that *HOCCLEVE* was at all acquainted with the work of this Greek author.

V. 11. *Regned.*] “ Which *regne* in mannys body.” *Dives and Pauper.* Pre. i. ch. 2.

V. 20. *Compleyne.*] The word *complain* in its active sense of *lament* is to be found even in Johnson’s *Dictionary*, with an example from Dryden. The propriety of such

Bettre than I, that of myn ignorance
 Un to seeknesse am knyt, thy mortal fo?
 Now can I knowe feest-te fro penance,
 And whil I was with thee cowde I nat fo.

My grief and bify smert cotidian 25.
 So me labouren and tormenten fore,
 That what thow art now wel remembr' I can,
 And what fruyt is in keepynge of thy lore.
 Had I thy pow'er knownen' or this yore,
 As now thy fo compellith me to knowe,
 Nat sholde his lym han cleved to my gore
 For al his aart, ne han me broght thus lowe. 30

such usage is there doubted, but was frequent in old English. “ I dar not *compleyne* his fortune” is in Tiptoft Erle of Wircestre’s translation of Cicero de amicitia.

The fall of prynces he did also *compleyne*.

LYDGATE’s *prol. to Bochas*.

V. 25. *Bify*, troublesome: one of its senses in Johnson’s Dictionary.

V. 31. *Lym* is certainly not used here in the same literal sense, which old glossaries attribute to it, but rather means *active minister*, or *instrument*.

————— that he come and defend us
 Foles fro these feends *lyms*.

P. Ps. *Vision*, last passus.

“ Oft tymes the feend and the feendes *lyms* teach well.”

Dives and Pauper, Pr. i. ch. 46.

V. 31 and 32. Lines like these might well occasion W. BROWNE to say of Hoc-cleve, in the beginning of the seventeenth century,

There are few such swaines as he
 Now adayes for harmonie.

But

But I have herd men sey-e longe ago,
 Prosperitee is blynd, and see ne may ;
 And verifie I can wel, it is so,
 For I myself put have it in assay,
 Whan I was weel, cowde I considere it ? nay :
 But what ? me longed aftir novelrie,
 As yeeres yon-ge yernen day by day ;
 And now my smert accusith my folie. 40

Myn unwar yow-the knew nat what it wroghte,
 This woot I wel, whan fro thee twynned shee :
 But of hir ignorance hir self shee soghte,
 And knew nat, that shee dwellynge was with thee.
 For to a wight were it greet nycetee 45
 His lord or freend wityngly for toffende,
 Lest that the weighte of his adversitee
 The fool oppresse, and make of him an ende.

V. 36. *Put have* for *have put*. Ver. 37. *Consider* it pronounced *confidrit*.

V. 38. *But what ?*] This phrase is used by Wicliff (Philipp. ch. 1. v. 18.) as the translation of *quid enim*, which is the literal version of the Greek: *what then* are the words in the present testament.

Me longed.] Oblative case for nominative formerly frequent.

V. 43. *Soghte.* See Glossary.

V. 44. *Dwellynge was with thee.]* In familiar language at present, *living with a person* often means *being his domestic servant*.

From

From hennes foorth wole I do reverence
 Un to thy name, and hold of thee in cheef ; 50.
 And wer-re ma-ke, and sharp resisténce
 Ageyn thy fo and myn, that cruel theef,
 That undir foo-te me halt in mescheef,
 So thow me to thy grace re-concyle :
 O ! now thyn help, thy socour and releef, 55
 And I for ay mis reu-le wole exyle.

But thy mercy exce-de myn offense,
 The keene assautes of thyn adverfárie
 Me wole oppref-se with hir violence.
 No wondir, thogh thow be to me contrárie ; 60
 My lustes blynde han causid thee to varie
 Fro me, thurgh my folié and imprudénce ;
 Wherfore I wret-che curse may and warie
 The feed and fruyt of chyldly sapiénce.

V. 49. *Do reverence* is the same kind of phrase as *do homage*.

V. 50. *Hold of thee in cheef* alludes to *tenures in capite*.

V. 53. *Mescheef* means *distress*. “ Releve pore folke in theyr *myscheef*.” *Dives and Pauper*.

As for the mo-re paart yowthe is rebél 65
Un to reson, and hatith hir doctryne,
Regnynge which, it may nat stan-de wel
With yowthe, as far as wit can ymagyne.
O yowthe allas ! why wilt thou nat enclyne,
And un to reuled resoun bow-e thee, 70
Syn resoun is the verray streigh-te lyne,
That ledith folk un to felicitee ?

Ful feelde is seen, that yow the takith heede
Of perils, that been likly for to fall ;
For have he take a purpos, that moot neede
Been execut, no conseil wole he call ; 75

V. 67. *Regnyng* which must signify which being predominant. But here is a grammatical irregularity, not unfrequent with HOCCLIVE. There is no regular antecedent to *which* : some expression must be supplied (such as *aversion to reason*) which conveys the aggregate sense of the two preceding lines.

V. 73. *Towthe* in this place seems intended to mean personally *a youth* (or young man) as representative of youth in general. Though *he* in all its cases is frequently substituted for *it*, yet the repetition here of such usage for many lines together, the whole tenour of the passage, and the apostrophe at the conclusion, concur in denoting personification. There certainly however is a manifest confusion of gender, between the *female* personage in verses 42, 3, 4, and the *male* one here.

His ow-ne wit he deemeth best of all,
 And foorth ther with he renneth brydillees,
 As he that nat betwixt hony and gall
 Can juge, ne the wer-re fro the pees.

80

All othir mennes wittes he despisith ;
 They answeren no thyng to his entente ;
 His rakil wit only to him souffysith ;
 His hy presumption nat list consente
 To doon, as that Salomon wroot and mente, 85
 That red-de men by conseil for to werke :
 Now, yow-the, now thou so-re shalt repente
 Thy lightlees wittes dull, of reson derke.

My frendes seiden un to me ful ofte,
 My mis reule me cau-se wolde a fit,
 And redden me in esy wyse and softe
 A lyte and ly-te to withdrawnen it :

90

V. 88. *Of reson derke.*] Not illumined by reason.
 ----- derked his memory and reason.

LYDGATE'S F. of P. II. ch. viii.

F

But

But that nat migh-te fynke in to my wit,
 So was the lust y-rooted in myn herte :
 And now I am so rype un to my pit,
 That scarsely I may it nat afterte.

95

Who so cleer y-en hath, and can nat see,
 Ful smal of ye availlith the office.
 Right so, syn reson yoven is to me
 For to discerne a vertu from a vice,
 If I nat can with reson me chevice,
 But wilfully fro reson me withdrawe,
 Thogh I of hir ha-ve no benefice
 No wondir, ne no favour in hir law.

100

Reson me bad, and redde as for the beste
 To ete and drynke in tyme attemprely ;
 But wilful yow-the nat obeise leste
 Un to that reed, ne set-te nat ther by :

105

V. 96. The two negatives *scarsely* and *nat*, instead of making an affirmative, according to the Saxon idiom strengthen the negation.

V. 98. *Smal* is here used adverbially for *little*; and in Shakspere's time *small* was less distinguished from *little* than it is at present: "by small and small" is a phrase in Richard II. *Ye* was probably pronounced *eye*; and *him* must be understood after *availlith*.

I take

I take have of hem bothe outrageoufly,
 And out of ty^{me} ; nat two yeer or three,
 But twenty wyntir past continual^{ly}
 Exceſſe at borde hath leyd his knyf with me.

110

The custume of my repleet abſtinence,
 And greedy mowth (receite of fwich outrāge)
 And hondes two (as woot my negligence)
 Thus han me gyded and broght in servāge
 Of hir, that werre*i*-eth ev'ry age ;
 Seeknesse I mee-ne, riotoures whippe,
 Habundantly that paieth me my wage,
 So that me neither daun^{ce} list ne skippe.

115

120

The

V. 111. *Twenty wyntir* very nearly fixes the year of HOCCLÉVE's birth : for from another paſſage this poem will appear to have been written late in 1406. Supposing then these twenty years to reach back to his age of 16, he must have been born in 1370. This accords with his ſaying (v. 209) that his "yeeres be but yonge." Unless we make the twenty winters go back to his age of 16, we must make him above 80, when he wrote the laſt poem of this ſelection. Putting *wynter* for the plural *years* was common. "This twenty winter" is in Thorpe's trial :

And a tawny taberde of twelve *wynter* age
 is a line in P. P. *Vifions*.

V. 112. *Leyd his knyf with* was probably a proverbial phrase for *bore company at meats*.

V. 117. *Worrei-eth.*] Obeied is made into four ſyllables by Lydgate
 I obe*i*-ed unto his biddynge. *Storie of Thebes*.

V. 119. *Wage* in the ſingular number being ſtill a northern idiom, and certainly not common with old English writers, affords a kind of presumptive evidence of

The outward signe of Bachus and his lure,
 That at his do-re hangith day by day,
 Excitith folk to taaste of his moist'ure
 So often, that men can nat wel seyn nay.

For me, I seye I was enclyned ay 125
 With outen daunger thidir for to hye me,
 But if swich char-ge up on my bak lay,
 That I moot it forber as for a ty-me :

Or but I we-re nakidly bestad
 By force of the penylees maladie: 130
 For thanne in her-te cowde I nat be glad,
 Ne lust had noon to Bachus house to hie.
 Fy ! lak of coyn departith compaignie ;
 And hevy purs with her-te liberál
 Qwenchith the thirsty hete of hertes drie, 135
 Where chinchy her-te hath ther of but smal.

HOCCLIVE'S northern birth. Yet the great latitude of poetical license for rime-fake, and the practice of using singulars for plurals in other nouns, render the proof very disputable. Wage is used in the same way for rime-fake in BARCLAY'S *Ship of Fools*—

For your great labour say what is your *wage*.

V. 127. Thus Chaucer:

That *charge upon my bak* I wole endure.

Clerkes Tale.

V. 136. *Ther of*] Here seems to be a similar kind of grammatical irregularity with what is taken notice of in v. 67 : of most probably relates to *qwenching*.

I dar

I dar net telle, how that the fresh repeir
 Of Venus femel, lusty children deer,
 That so goodly, so shaply were, and feir,
 And so plesant of port and of maneere,
 And fee-de cowden al a world with cheere,
 And of atyr passyngly wel byfeye,
 At Poules heed me maden ofte appeere
 To talkc of mirthe, and to disporte and pleye.

140

Ther was sweet wyn ynow thurgh out the hous
 And wafres thikke : for this compaignie,
 That I spak of, been sumwhat likerous ;
 Wher as they mowe a draght of wyn espie,

145

V. 138. is nearly copied from CHAUCER'S *Squires Tale* :
 Now daunceen lusty Venus children dere.

V. 143. When bishops licensed stews, the apostle Paul's head might be a proper sign for a brothel : the fashion however of that time decently omitted prefixing the word *Saint*.

V. 146. *Wafres*] Whatever sort of cake was meant by this word, it seems to have given a double name to a trade ; since Chaucer speaks of a *waferer*, and Pierce Plowman of *wafrefsters*. Liston manour (Essex) was bound to find *wafres* at the King's Coronation. Weever's *Fun. Mon.* 659, and Beck. *Ten.* 26.

—. *Thikke* means *in plenty*, as in 'thick and thrcefold.'

Sweete,

Sweete, and in wirkynge hoot for the maistrié,
 To warme a stomak with ther of they drank. 150
 To suffre' hem paie had been no courtesie :
 That charge I took, to wyn-ne love and thank.

Of loves aart yit touchid I no deel ;
 I cow-de nat, and eek it was no neede :
 Had I a kus, I was content ful weel, 155
 Befre than I wolde han be with the deede.
 Ther on can I but smal, it is no dreede ;
 Whan that men speke of it in my presénce,
 For shame I wexe as reed as is the gleede.
 Now wole I torne ageyn to my senténce. 160

V. 151. *Suffre*] Here, and in other places, Hoccleve removes *e* to the end of the word to get rid of a syllable.

V. 154. *It was no nede*] In modern language *it* should be *there*; but such was the old phraseology. “*It* is no nede, that I dispute long with you of deth.” *Tullye of old age*, printed by Caxton.

V. 155. *Kus*] There can hardly be a stronger instance of the promiscuous use of vowels in old English than in this word. *Kus* is used by GOWER,

(Yet wole he stèle a *kus* or two. B. v. f. 119. b.)

and by LYDGATE in his *Fall of Princes*, and by CAXTON in the *Proud Lady of Love*, and by SKELTON in *Speak Parrot*. The more usual word in the old writers was *kiffe*; but Chaucer for rime’s sake (in the *Clerkes Tale*) uses *keffe*. Wicliff’s word is *coffe*, which accords with the Saxon.

Of him, that hauntith taverne of custume,
 In shorte wordes the profyt is this
 In double wyse ; his bagge it shal consume,
 And make his tonge speke of folk amis :
 For in the cuppe felden founden is, 165
 That any wight his neigheburgh commendith.
 Beholde and see, what avantage is his,
 That God, his freend, and eek him self offendith !

But oon avantage in this cas I have :
 I was so ferd with any man to fighte, 170
 Cloos kepte I me ; no man durste I deprave
 But rownyngly : I spak no thyng on highte :
 And yit my wil was good, if that I mighte
 For lettynge of my manly cowardysse,
 That ay of strokes impressid the wighte : 175
 So that I durste medlen in no wyse.

V. 165, &c. There is great affinity between this remark and the following lines on the same subject :

Perhaps alas ! the pleasing theme was brought
 From this man's error, from another's fault,
 From topics, which good-nature would forget,
 And prudence mention with the last regret.

PRIOR'S *Solomon.*

V. 175. *Wighte* for weight. This is a strong instance of the poetical licence of that age in changing a word for the sake of rime. CHAUCER had previously made the same alteration. See *Troil.* v. 1385.

Wher

Wher was a gretter maistir eek than y,
 Or bet acqweyntid at Westmynstre yate ;
 Among the tavernéres namely,
 And cookes ? whan I cam, eerly or late,
 I pynchid nat at hem in myn acate,
 But paied hem as that they ax-e wolde ;
 Wherfore I was the welcomer algate,
 And for a verray gentil man y-holde.

180

And if it happid on the somere's day,
 That I thus at the taverne had-de be,
 Whan I depar-te sholde, and go my way
 Hoom to the privee feel, so wowid me
 Hete, and unlust, and superfluitee
 To walke un to the brigge and take a boot,

185

190

V. 177. *y* (signifying I) seems to be spelt in this manner for the sake of riming in *shew* as well as found : but it was usually *Y* in Wicliff.

V. 185. *Somere's*] This is an instance of a word of three syllables (accented on the first) being reduced to a dissyllable. Had it been a *plural*; according to the tenour of the M^c. it would have been written *somers*; but no such liberty is here taken with genitive cases, though they seem to have been abridged in the same manner soon after ; as we have for genitives singular in *FORTESCUE on Monarchy* the words, *kings, subjetis, &c.*

V. 188. *Hoom to the privee feel*] By this it should seem, that some of the clerks of the Privy Seal were then resident at the Office, and that the said Office was not far from the water-side. The editor can learn no more.

V. 190. *Brigge*] In later times there was a bridge over a creek, which ran up into the garden belonging to Whitehall : there might have been one there, before that spot was a garden.

That

That nat durste I contrárie hem all three,
But dide all that they stired me, god woot.

And in the wyntir, for the way was deep,
Un to the brigge I dressid me alsó ;
And ther the bootmen took up on me keep, 195
For they my riot kneewen fern ago :
With hem I was y-tuggid to and fro,
So wel was him, that I with wol-de fare.
For riot paieth largely evere mo ;
He styntith never, til his purs be bare. 200

Other than maistir callid was I never
Among this meynée in myn audience ;
Me thoghte I was y-maad a man for ever :
So tikelid me that nyce reverence,
That it me ma-de larger of despence, 205
Than that I thoghte han been. O Flaterié,
The guyse of thy traiterous diligence
Is folk to mescheef haasten and to hie.

V. 192. *Stired me*] That is, *firred me to*.

V. 206. *Thoghte* seems to be used in the sense of *meant to* : indeed it is only the omission of *to* (common with Hoccleve) which makes the phraseology differ from modern.

V. 208. Before *haasten* there is another elliptical omission of *to*.

Al be it that my yeeres be but yonge,
 Yet have I seen in folk of hy degree,
 How that the venom of Faveles tonge
 Hath mortifiēd hir prosperitee,
 And broght hem in so sharp adversitee,
 That it hir lyf hath also throwe adoun :
 And yit ther can no man in this contree
 Unnethe eschue this confusioún.

210

215

Many a servant un to his lord feith,
 That al the world spekith of him honoúr,
 Whan the contrarie of that is sooth in feith ;
 And lightly leeved is this losengour :
 His hony wordes wrappid in erroúr
 Blyndly conceyved been, the more harm is.

220

V. 211. *Faveles.*] *Cajolerie* is the truest explanation of *Favel*, as given by CARPENTIER in his Supplement to Du Cange. *Favel* is personified both in P. P's. *Visions*, and in SKELTON's *Bouge of Courte*. The glossarist to *Pieces of Popular Poetry* (published 1791) explains *favel* by the general word *deceit*, and unfortunately refers the reader to *Bouge of Courte*; whereas in that poem *Favel* and *Disceyte* are distinct personages; though the latter (for the sake of rime) is first called *subtylte*. In BARCLAY's Eclogues we read of

Flatterers, and liers, *coriers of fafell*.

PUTTENHAM too calls *Curry-favel* a figure in poetry (p. 154). Both these authorities confirm the same glossarist's conjecture about the expression of *currying favour*.

V. 219. *Contrarie*] This seems to be an instance of what MR. TYRWHITT has remarked in CHAUCER; that two quick syllables sometimes make but one in metre.

Oh !

O ! thow, Favele, of lesynges auctoür,
Causist al day thy lord to fare amis.

The combreworldes clept been enchantoürs

225

In booke, as that I have or this red,

That is to seye, futil deceyvoürs

By whom the peple' is mis gy-ed and led,

And with plesance so fostréd and fed,

That they fogete hem self, and can nat feele

230

The foothe of the conditiōn in hem bred

No more, than hir wit were in hir heele.

Who so that list in the book of natūre

Of beestes rede, therin he may see,

If he take heede un to the scripture

235

Wher it spekth of meermáides in the see,

How that so inly mirie syngith shee,

That the shipman ther with fallith a sleepe,

V. 232. *Hir wit were in hir heele* must have been an old proverb.

V. 233. *The book of nature of beestes.*] Whatever book is here vouched, its author seems to have been more credulous than Pliny; who speaks of the same quality attributed to *Sirens*, and not worthy of belief. Nat. Hist. lib. xi.

V. 237. *Shee* has no proper antecedent; but must either mean *one* of the *meermaides*, or be used like a plural,

And by hir aftir devoured is he.
From al swich song is good men hem to keepe. 240

Right so the feyned wordes of pleſānce
Annoyen aftir, thogh they pleſe a tyme
To hem that been unwyſe of governancē.
Lordes, beeth waar, let nat Favel you lyme ;
If that yee been envolupid in cryme, 245
Yee may nat dee-me men ſpeke of you weel :
Thogh Favel peynte her tale in proſe or ryme,
Ful holſum is it truſte her nat a deel.

Holco-te ſeith up on the book also
Of ſapience, as it can teſtifie, 250
Whan that Ulixes failliſt to and fro
By meermaides, this was his policie :
All eres of men of his compaignie
With wex he ſtop-pe leet, for that they noght
Hir ſong ſholde hee-re, leſt the armonie 255
Hem might un to swich deedly ſleep han broght,

V. 240. This final line of the stanza is very much in the manner adopted by Spenser.

V. 248. *Truſte.*] That is *to* truſt. Another omission of *to* before an infinitive.

V. 249. *Holcote.*] See the Gloffary.

And

And bond him self un to the shippes mast.

So thus hem all saved his providence.

The wys man is of peril sore agast.

O flaterie, o lurkyng pestilence,

260

If sum man dide his cure and diligence

To stoppe his eres fro thy poesie,

And nat wolde herkne' a word of thy senténce,

Un to his greef it were a remedie.

Ah nay! al thogh thy ton-ge wer ago,

265

Yit canst thou glose in contenance and cheere;

Thou supportist with lookes evere mo

Thy lordes wordes in e-che mateere

V. 261. *If sum man.*] This idiom of using the singular instead of plural number was not very uncommon. “ *Sum* forester may bring moo men to the feld, than “ *may sum* knight, or *sum* esquier.” Fortescue *on monarchy*, p. 22.

Dide his cure and diligence.] Thus in Lydgate.

Full besily did her diligence.

Storie of Thebes.

V. 262. *Poefie* seems to mean *musical enchantment*, as LYDGATE calls Amphion’s building Thebes with his harp ----- darke poesie.

263. *Herkne* is here turned into a monosyllable by transposition of letters, as *suffre*, v. 151. For its meaning see the glossary.

Althogh

Althogh that they a my-te be to deere :

And thus thy gyse is ; privee and appert

270

With word and look among our lordes here

Preferred be, thogh ther be no differt.

But whan the sobre, treewe, and weel avysid

With sad vifage his lord enformeth pleyn,

How that his governan-*ce* is despysid

275

Among the peple', and feith him as they feyn,

As man treewe oghte un to his sovereyn,

Confeillynge him amende his governance,

The lordes her-te swellith for desdeyn,

And bit him voi-de bly-ve with meschance.

280

V. 269. *A myte* is used elliptically for *at a mite*. So in LYDGATE'S *Troy-book*
“deare inogh a mite.”

V. 270. *Privee and appert.*] *Persons in private and public capacities* is the only sense of these words suitable to the context. *A privee man* is explained by TYRWHITT, *a man entrusted with private busyness*, and *appert* means *public*. In the next century we meet with a corruption of this phrase, “privy or pearte.” So it stands in a satire on Wolsey, entitled *Rede me, &c.*

V. 271. *With* is put for *by*, as in Lydgate :

With kynges and prynces in every regyon

Greatly preferred.

Prol. to Bochas.

V. 276. *Seith* used actively like *tells* : as LYDGATE in *Troy-book*,

“*loke thou say him so.*”

V. 278. *Amende* should have *to* before it now, but was probably then as intelligible without.

Men

Men setten nat by trouthe now adayes,
 Men love it nat, men wole it nat cherice,
 And yit is trouthe best at all assayes :
 Whan that false Favel, soustenour of vice,
 Nat wi-te shal how hirre to chevyce, 285
 Ful boldely shal trouthe hire heed up bere.
 Lordes, leſt Favel you fro wele tryce,
 No lenger souffre' hir nestlen in your ere.

Be as be may, no more of this as now ;
 But to my mis reule wole I refeere ; 290
 Wher as I was at eſe weel ynow,
 Or exceſſe un to me leef was and deere,
 And or I kneew his ernestful maneere :
 My purs of coyn had reſonable wone ;
 But now ther in can thier but scant appeere : 295
 Exceſſe hath ny exyled hem echone.

V. 285. *Hire.*] This word is very ſeldom made a diſſyllable ; but the metre abſolutely requires it ſhould be ſo in this line : it ſeems almost as neceſſary too in a line of *Chaucer* ;

Because that he fer was from *hirre* fight. v. 3395.

V. 291. *Wher as.*] TYRWHITT ſays in his glossary “ *wher* in composition ſometimes ſignifies *which*.” Thus *wher as* here may ſignify *as to which*---referring to *misreule* in the line before. There is the ſame usage of *wheras* in CAXTON’s *Proud Lady of love*. ch. i.

V. 294. *Coyne* muſt in this place be conſidered as a plural (like *yer* and *wyntir*), else there can be no grammatical ſenſe in the laſt line of the ſtanſa.

The

The feend and excesse been convertible
As enditith to me my fantasie.

This is my skill, if it be admittible :
Excesse of mete and drynke is glotonie, 300
Glotonie awakith malencolie.
Malencolie engendryth werre and stryf,
Stryf causith mortel hurt thurgh hir folie :
Thus may excesse reve a soule hir lyf.

No force of al this : go we now to wacche 305
By nighterta-le out of al mesure,
For as in that finde cowde I no macche
In al the privee feel with me tendure ;
And to the cuppe ay took I heede and cure,
For that the drynke appall sholde noght : 310
But whan the pot emptid was of moisture
To wake aftirward cam nat in my thought.

But whan the cuppe had thus my neede sped,
And sumdel more than necessitee,
With replete spirit wente I to my bed 315
And bathid ther in superfluitee ;

But

But on the morn was wight of no degree
 So loothe as I to twyn-ne fro my cowche,
 By agh̄t I woot---aby-de, let me see,
 Of two as looth I am feur kowde I towche.

320

I dar not feyn, Prentys and Arundel
 Me countrefete, and in swich wach go ny me ;
 But often they hir bed loven so wel,
 That of the day it drawith ny the pryme
 Or they rise up ; nat can I tell the ty-me
 Whan they to bed-de goon, it is so late.
 O Hel-the lord, thou seest hem in that cry-me,
 And yit thee looth is with hem to debate.

325

V. 320. *Towche*, that is, make mention. This sense of *touch* with *on* joined to it is in Johnson's dictionary ; but formerly it was followed by *of*: " *touch* and speke both of Ascanius and *of* Silvius." RASTELL'S *Cronicle*.

Though I have touched *of* this enormitie.

BARCLAY'S *Ship of Fools*.

V. 321. *Prentys and Arundel.*] Whether these two gentlemen belonged to the Privy Seal, or not, seems doubtful : had they been in the same department with Hoccleve, they would most likely have been mentioned in the next poem.

V. 324. *Pryme*. See the Glossary.

H

And

And why? I n'at: it fit nat un to me,
 That mirour am of riot and exceſſe,
 To knowen of a goddes pryvetee : 330
 But thus I ymagyne, and thus I gesſe ;
 Thow meeved art of tendre gentilnesſe
 Hem to forber, and will hem nat chaſtyleſe,
 For they in mirthe and vertuous gladnēſſe 335
 Lordes reconforten in ſundry wyſe.

But to my purpos: ſyn that my ſeeknēſſe,
 As wel of purs as body, hath refreyned
 Me fro Taverne and othir wantonesſe,
 Among an heep my name is now deſteyned ; 340
 My grevous hurt ful litil is compleyned,
 But they the lak compleyne of my deſpeneſe.
 Alas! that evere knyt I was and cheyned
 To exceſſe, or him dide obedience.

Deſpeneſe large enhaunce a mannes looſe, 345
 Whil they endure; and whan they be forboore,

V. 331. *Goddes pryvetee.*] LYDGATE ſays of Amphiorar,
 was also ſecree

With the Goddes, knowing her *privetee*. St. of Th.

V. 335. *Vertuous.*] The word here ſeems to mean *ſalubrious*. We ſtill uſe 'the
 vertue of medicines.' Lydgate ſpeaks of 'vertuous plente.' *Fall of Ps. B. iv. ch. 14.*

His

His name is deed ; men keepe hir mowthes cloos
 As nat a peny had he spent to fore :
 My thank is qweynt, my purs his stuf hath lore,
 And my carkeis replete with hevynesse : 350
 Be waer, Hoccleve, I rede thee therefore,
 And to a me-ne reule thow thee dresse.

Who so passynge mesure desyrrith
 (As that witnessem olde clerkes wyse)
 Him self encombrith often fythe and myrith; 355
 And for thy let the me-ne thee souffysse :
 If swich a conceit in thyn her-te ryse,
 As thy profyt may hindre' or thy renown
 If it were execut in any wyse,
 With manly resoun thriste thow it down. 360

Thy rentes annuel, as thou wel woost,
 To scarce been greet costes to susteene ;
 And in thy cofre pardee is cold roost ;
 And of thy manuel labour, as I weene,

V. 349. *My thank* must mean *thanks due to me*. So Lydgate has
 Leseth oft his thank.

Fall of Ps. B. v. ch. 17.

V. 364. *Manuel* must be a dissyllable, and was therefore likely to be pronounced
 manwel : *u* and *w* were often confounded, as in *duell*, frequent in *Maundevile*. The
 same kind of pronunciation might take place in the word *continuelly*, v. 111.

Thy lucre' is fwich, that it unneth is feene,
Ne felt; of yyftes seye I eek the same:
And stele, for the guerdon is so keene,
Ne darst thou nat, ne begge alsó for shame.

365

Than wolde it see-me, that thou borwid haast
Mochil of that, that thou haast thus despent
In outrage and excesse and verray waast.
Avyse thee; for what thyng that is lent
Of verray right most hoom ageyn be sent;
Thow thir in haast no perpetuitee:
Thy dettes pai-e, leſt that thou be shent,
And or that thou ther to compellid be.

370

375

Sum folk in this cas dreden more offense
Of man for wyly wrenches of the lawe,
Than he dooth either god or conférence;
For by hem two he settith nat *an* hawe.

380

V. 377. *Folk---dreden.*] Here *folk*, as a noun of multitude, has a verb *plural*; yet is regarded as *singular*---by *he* in the third and fourth lines of the stanza.

V. 380. *An* (not in the Mf.) is wanted for the metre. In the last poem of the Mf. is “*nat worth an hawe.*” *At* is omitted, as in v. 269. before *a mite*, and as in CHAUCER’S R. R. 5730.

they fett nat *a leke.*

If

If thy conceit be swich, thow it withdrawe
 I rede, and voide it clene out of thyn herte ;
 And first of god, and syn of man have awe,
 Lest that they bo=the ma=ke thee to smerte.

Now lat this smert warnyn=ge to thee be; 385
 And if thow maist heer aftir be releaved
 Of body and purs, so thow gy=e thee
 By wit, that thow no mo=re thus be greeved.
 What riot is, thow taaftid haast and preeved.
 The fyr, men seyn, he dredith that is brent ; 390
 And, if thow so do, thow art wel y-meeved :
 Be now ne lenger fool, by myn assent.

Ey ! what is me ? that to my self thus longe
 Clappid have I ! I tro=we, that I rave.
 Ah nay ! my poo=re purs and peynes stronge. 395
 Have artid me speke, as I spoken have.

V. 386. *Releaved* seems here to be used in a fense a little different from its common one. As in the following line of Earl Rivers :

Thingis derked to light hit dooth *releve*.

Also in P. Ps. *Visions*, passus 18 :

And that death in them fordid, my deth shal *releve*.

V. 393. *What is me ?*] An ellipsis for *what is come to me ?*

Who

Who so him shapith mercy for to crave,
 His lesson moot recorde in sundry wyse ;
 And whil my breeth may in my body wave,
 To recorde it unnethe I may souffyse.

400

O god, o Helthe, un to thyn ordenance,
 Weleful lord, meekly submitte I me ;
 I am contryt, and of ful repentece,
 That ev're I swymmed in swich nycetee,
 As was displefaunt to thy deitee :
 Now kythe on me thy mercy and thy grace ;
 It fit a God been of his gra-ce free ;
 Foryeve, and nevere wole I eft trespace.

405

My body and purs been at ones seeke,
 And for hem bothe I to thyn hy noblésse,
 As humblye as that I can, byseeke
 With herte unfeyned ; reewe on our distresse ;
 Pitee have of myn harmful hevynesse ;
 Relee-ve the repentant in disese ;
 Despende on me a drope of thy largésse
 Right in this wyse, if it thee like and plese.

410

415

V. 407. *It fit a god.*] Gower fol. 9.

It fit a preest.

Lo !

Lo ! lat my lord the Fourneval I preye
 (My noble lord, that now is tresoreér)
 From thyn hynesē have a tokne' or tweye
 To paiē me that due is for this yeer
 Of my yeerly ten pounds in theschequeér ;
 Nat but for Michel terēme that was last :
 I dar nat speke a word of ferneyeer,
 So is my spirit simple' and fore agaſt.

420

I kepēte, nat to be ſeen importúne
 In my purſuyte ; I am ther to ful looth :
 And yit that gyſe ryf is and comúne
 Among the peple now, withouten ooth ;

425

V. 417. *Fourneval.*] Thomas Nevil (Lord Furnival jure uxoris) was constituted (jointly with Sir John Pelham) Treasurer of the kingdom, by both Houses of Parliament in 1405. See Parliamentary Hist. vol. ii. p. 85. See also DUGDALE'S Mon. Ang. vol. ii. p. 938. col. ii. where this same person is called "Treasurer of England."

V. 423. *Ferneyeer* (as explained in the glossary) means the foregoing year. In the margin of the Ms. is this note : "annus ille fuit annus restrictionis annuitatum." Of the year 1405 there is a statute in old French and not translated (7 H. IV. ch. 16.) which stops the payment of annuities *lately granted*, to secure it to those of older date. By the passage in the poem, and by the note, it should seem, that HOCCLÈVE had one of these late grants, and that the statute continued in force only for a twelvemonth. This line (together with that which mentions the treasurership of Lord Furnival) almost fixes the date of this poem to the close of 1406, or very beginning of 1407.

V. 428. *Withouten ooth.*] This phrase seems to mean *beyond occasion for an oath* to my assertion. *Withouten langage* in the Corpus Christi play means *no need to say more*.

As

As the shamelees cravour wole, it gooth,
 For estaat real can nat al day werne ;
 But poo=re shamefast man ofte is wrooth ;
 Wherfo=re for to cra=ve moot I lerne.

430

The proverb is, *the doumb man no land getith* :
 Who so nat spekith, and with neede is bete,
 And thurgh arghnésse his ow-ne self forgetith,
 No wondir thogh an othir him forgete ;
 Neede hath no lawe, as that the Clerkes trete ;
 And thus to cra=ve artith me my neede,
 And right wole eek, that I me entremete,
 For that I axe is due, as god me speede.

435

440

V. 431. For the sence of *wrooth* here, see the glossary.

V. 435. *His owne self*] This expression may serve to confirm WALLIS's opinion, that *self* was a substantive. Mr. TYRWHITT held the contrary in his vindication of his *appendix to Rowley*; but allowed, that *self* had been made a substantive of in the 16th century: he had not (when he wrote this vindication) seen the editor's Ms. Any other such instance, either in the 15th century, or earlier, the editor acknowledges that he has not found; yet he cannot conceive, but that this single authority is an undeniable one.

And

And that, that due is, thy magnificence
 Shunneth to wer-ne, as that I byleeve ;
 As I seide, reewe on myn impotence,
 That likly am to ster-ve yit or eeve,
 But if thow in this wy-se me releeve :
 By coyn I ge-te may swich medecyne,
 As may myn hur-tes al-le that me greeve
 Exy-le cleene, and voi-de me of pyne.

445

V. 442. *Shunneth* with an infinitive after it, though not very common, is as modern as Waller,

The lark, that *shuns* on lofty boughs *to build*
 Her humble nest, &c.

II.

CESTES BALADE ET CHANCEON ENSUY-
ANTZ FEURENT FAITES A MON MEIS-
TRE H. SOMER QUANT IL SOUZTRE-
SORER.

[THE BALADE AND SONG FOLLOWING WERE WRIT-
TEN TO MY MAISTER H. SOMER*, WHEN HE
WAS UNDER-TREASURER.]

THE Son-ne with his bemes of brightn  
To man so kyndly is and norishynge ;
That lakkynge it day ne  re but dirkn  sse ;
To day he yeveth his enlumynyng,

* HENRY SOMER was made a Baron of the Exchequer, Nov. 8th, 1408 [See DUGDALE's Series]. This poem must consequently have been older than that period: how much, cannot well be ascertained; but the editor conceives its most probable date to be the close of the year 1407.

And causith al fruyt for to wexe and sprynge : 5

Now syn that son-ne may so moche availl,

And moost with Somer is his sojournynge,

That sesoun bontevous we wole assaill.

Glad cheerid Somer, to your governaill

And gra-ce we submitte al our willyngne ; 10

To whom yee frendly been, he may nat faill

But he shal have his resonable' axynge :

Aftir your good lust be the sesonyngne

Of our fruytes ; the las-te myghelmesse

The tyme of yeer was of our feed ynnynge ; 15

The lak of which is our greet hevynesse.

We trusste up on your frendly gentillesse,

Yee wole us helpe, and been our suppoaill :

Now yeve us cause ageyn this cristemesse

For to be glad, o lord ! whether our taill 20

Shall

V. 8. *Affaill*, that is, with importunity.

V. 18. *Suppoaill*] See the glossary.

V. 20. *O lord*] Somer seems to be here address as a deity, in the same manner as Health in the former poem.

— *Whether* appears in this place only to have the power of making the sentence interrogative. It is used in the same manner by Wicliif. “ If his sone axe him breed,

Shall foo-ne make us with our shippes faill
 To port salut? if yow list, we may syngē,
 And elles moot us bo-the mourne and waill
 Till your favour us sen-de releevýnge.

We your servantes Hoccleve, and Bailláy,
 Hethe and Offor-de, yow byseeche and preye,
 Hastith our hervest as foone as yee may ;
 For fere of stormes our wit is aweye ;

25

breed, *whether he wole take him a stōne?*" Mat. ch. 7. This is but one instance of many, that might be produced from the same book.

V. 21, &c. *With our shippes saill to port salut?*] *Port salut* was a kind of proverbial expression, and so used in the translation of *Cicero de senectute* printed by CAXTON; but the *shippes* that were to be procured by their *taill* (or exchequer tally) to carry them to this safe port, were most probably *nobles* (the gold coin which had a *ship* for the reverse), since our author certainly uses *shippes* in this sense in the next poem.

V. 25. *Hoccleve, &c.*] By the poet's naming himself first, we may conclude, that he was the senior in office of the four.

V. 28. *Our wit is aweye*] So in GOWER,

out of him selfe awye. Fol. 35.

By the rimes of the four first lines of this stanza, there seems to have been a distinction of sound between the syllables *ay* and *eye* which we are not now aware of; or else rimes were expected to match to the sight as well as to the ear. Of this indeed we have seen instances already, and shall meet with more. **HOCCLEVE** was exacter in his rimes than even most modern poets.

Were

Were our feed inned, wel we mighten pleye,
 And us desporte, and syng, and make game ; 30
 And yit this rowndel shal we syng and seye
 In trust of yow, and honour of your name.

Somer, that rypeſt mannes sustenancē
 With holſum hete of the Sonnes warmnēſſe,
 Al kynde of man thee holden is to blesſe. 35

Ay thankid be thy freendly governance,
 And thy fresh look of mirthe and of gladnēſſe.

Somer, that rypeſt mannes sustenancē
 With holſum hete of the Sonnes warmnēſſe,
 All kynde of man thee holden is to blesſe. 40

V. 31. *Rowndel*] From v. 33 to the end of this poem is a sample of old English *roundels*, which Cotgrave defines “a rime, or sonnet, that ends as it begins.” A specimen of the *rhyme* in the definition may seem in CHAUCER’s *Knight’s Tale*, v. 1512, 13, 14; and of the *sonnet* here. Cotgrave’s definition is incomplete, by making no mention of the *répetition of the burden* in the middle. In this respect the definition in *dictionnaire des Trevoux* (adopted by Johnson) is more to the purpose; but neither does that exactly correspond with this English relique, for it makes the sonnet consist of thirteen lines; of which eight accord to one rime, and five to another: here we have fourteen lines in all, and nine of them to one rime. This roundel is what is called *chanceon* in the title to the piece.

To hevy folk of thee the remembránce
 Is salve and oynement to hir seeknésse ;
 For why we this shul syng in cristemesse :

Somer, that rypest mannes sustenance
 With holsum hete of the Sonnes warmnésse, 45
 Al kynde of man thee holden is to blesse.

V. 43. *For why*] See the glossary.

100

and the most difficult of
all the difficulties of the
whole system is the question of
the proper method of

the most rapid and
most effective method of
the most rapid and
most effective method of

the most rapid and
most effective method of

20

END

III.

CESTE BALADE ENSUYANTE FEUST PAR LA
COURT DE BONE COMPAIGNIE ENVOIEE A
LONURE SIRE HENRI SOMER CHAUNCELLER
DE LESCHEQUER ET UN DE LA DITE COURT.

[THIS BALADE FOLLOWING WAS BY THE COURT
OF GOOD COMPANY SENT TO HIS HONOUR SIR
HENRY SOMER CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHE-
QUER AND ONE OF THE SAID COURT.*]

WORSHIPFUL Sir, and our freend special,
(And felaw=e in this cas we call yow)
Your lettre sent un to us cleerly al
We ha=ve red, and understanden, how

It

* *Said Court* the editor apprehends must mean the *Court* so called in the beginning of this title, and not the Exchequer; because, though Henry Somer was made a

It is no wit to your conceit, as now,
Use the rule foorth as we been inne,
But al an othir rule to begynne :

5

Rehersyng, how in the place of honoúr,
The Temple, for solace and for gladnésse
(Wher as nat ogh-te usid been erroúr
Of over mochil waast or of exceſſe)
First wern we foundid to use largeſſe

10

Baron of that Court in 1408, he could hardly remain so after being appointed its Chancellor. When his latter promotion took place, does not appear; but there was a new appointment of a baron in 1409, another in 1410, and of three more in 1414; either of which might be in the room of Somer. This *Company* seems to have been formed of members of the *Middle Temple*. The *Temple* is mentioned in the poem; and *Cheſtre's Inn* (where *HOCCLÈVE* studied the law) appears to have then belonged to the *Middle Temple*. Though the editor can throw very little light upon the particular custom of the feast here treated of; yet he gives the piece to the public, as a singular curiosity in its way, and perhaps more intelligible to abler antiquaries, than to himself. It certainly is not published to set off the poetical talent of its author, being merely an epistolary altercation versified, and in a style for the most part much embarrassed.

V. 5. *No wit* seems another way of spelling *no whit*: but take *wit* for *sense*, and the passage will be equally intelligible. *Useſth no wytte* is a phrase in Caxton's *Chivalry*.

V. 6. *Uſe*] Another omission of *to* before the infinitive.

In

In our despenses ; but for to exceede
Reson we han, espyed yee nat beede.

Yee allegge eek, how a rule hath bē kept
Or this, which was good as yee have herd feyn ;
But it now la-te cessid hath and slept,
Which good yow thynkith were up take ageyn ;
And, but if it so be, our Court certeyn
Nat likly any whyle is to endure,
As hath in mow-the many a.cre-atūre.
15
20

Yee wolden, that in conservacioun
Of our honour, and eek for our profyt,
That thentente of our old fundacioun
Observed migh-te been, and to that plyt 25
Be broght as it was first, and passe al qwyte

V. 13. *To exceede*] At the *Middle Temple* an additional dish to the regular dinner is still called *exceedings*: to which appellation Massinger alludes (in the Picture) by the expression of “festival exceedinges;” but his editor Coxeter, not knowing the origin of the phrase, thinks ‘exceeding festivals’ had been better.

V. 14. *Espyed yee nat beede.*] that is, *you do not say has been seen by you.*

V. 18. *Yow thynkith* is the same kind of phrase as *me thinks*: *yow* is the oblative case, and not the nominative.

V. 26. *Passe al quynt out of the daunger*] This phraseology was common with old writers. Fabian has it in a passage, where *daunger* is used more peculiarly, than by Hoccleve: he is speaking of two sheriffs imprisoned in the 38th year of Hen. III. and says, "how they *passyd out of the kynges daunger*, I fynde not."

Out of the daunger of outrageous waast,
Lest with scorn and repreef feed us swich taast.

Un to that en-de six-e shippes grete
To yeve us han yee grauntid and behight, 30
To bye ageyn our dyner flour or whete ;
And beside it, as reson wole and right,
Pai-e your lagh, as dooth an othir wight,
That by mesu-re rulith him and gyeth,
And nat as he, whom outra-ge maistrieth. 35

In your lettre contened is alsó,
That if us list to chaunge in no maneére
Our neew-e gy-se, ne twyn-ne ther fro,
The fir-ste day of May yee wole appeere ;
That day yee set-te be with us in feere ; 40
And to keepe it yee wo-le be reedy.
This is theeffect of your lettre foothly.

V. 29. *Six shippes grete* can mean nothing else in this passage, than *six whole nobles*; which HOCCLIVE calls ships for the reson already given in the note to II. 21.

V. 40. *Sette be* : that is, *appoint to be*.

To the which in this wyse we answére :
 Excesse for to do be yee nat bownde,
 Ne noon of us, but do as we may bere ; 45
 Up on swich rule we nat us ne grownde.
 Yee been discreet, thogh yee in good habownde :
 Dooth as yow thynkith for your honestee ;
 Yee and we all arn at our libertee.

At our laſte dyner, wel knownen yee, 50
 By our Stywardes limitacion,
 (As custume of our Court axith to be,
 And ay at oure congregacion
 Observed) left al excusacion,
 Warned yee wern for the dyner arraye
 Ageyn thorsday next, and nat it delaye. 55

We yow nat holde avysid in swich wyſe,
 As for to make us deſtitut that day
 Of our dyner, take on yow that empryſe :

V. 48. *Yow thynkith.*] See note to v. 18.

V. 50. *At our laſte dyner, &c.*] By the whole of this stanza it may be inferred, that each dinner had a Steward, who then appointed the time for the next dinner. Also a new Steward seems to have been appointed at the same time, who bore a considerable share of the charge. This (we may presume) was now Sir Henry Somer.

V. 56. *Delaye* means *to delay*.

V. 59. *Take for or to take.*

If

If your lust be, dryveth excesse away ;
 Of wyse men mochil folke ler-ne may ;
 Discretion mesurith ev'ry thyng ;
 Despende aftir your pleasance and lykyng.

60

Enfaumpleth us, let seen and us miroûre :
 As that it seemeth good to your prudénce,
 Reule that day, for the thank shal be youre ;
 Dooth, as yow list be drawe in consequence ;
 We trusten in your wys experience :
 But keepith wel your tourn, how so befall,
 On thorsday next, on which we awayte all.

65

70

V. 64. *Let seen and us miroûre*, for *and let us see a pattern*. This transposition of *and* is very unusual ; yet there does not seem any other way of making sense of the passage, but by putting *let seen* by itself, and making *miroûre* a verb—for which last usage the editor can find no trace of an authority.

V. 67. *As yow list be draw in consequence.*] The meaning is, ‘as it pleases you to have drawn into a precedent.’

V. 70. *Awayte* is here used in a neutral sense, like *wait*. Lydgate uses it in the same way in his *Troy-book* :

Medea, to *awayte* upon her knight, &c.

IV.

A U R O Y.

[TO THE KING*.]

VICTORIOUS kyng, our lord ful gracious,
We humble li-ge men to your hynéffe
Meekly byfeechen you, o kyng pitous,
Tendre pitee have on our sharp distresse :
For, but the flood of your rial largéffe
Flowe up on us, gold hath us in swich hate,
That of his love and cheertee the scantnéffe
Wole arte us three to trotte un to Newgate. 5

* Most probably Hen. V. and towards the end of his short reign.

The poem is selected, to shew the continuance of HOC CLEVE's pecuniary distresses.

V. 8. *Us three* probably includes two of our poet's three joint-petitioners to the
Undertreasurer, that are named in No. II. v. 25, 6.

Benigne

Benigne li:ge Lord, o havene and yate
 Of our confort, let your hy worthynesse
 Oure indigences softne and abate ;
 In yow lyth al, yee may our greef redresse.
 The som:me, that we in our bill expresse,
 Is nat excessif, ne outrageous ;
 Our long service also berith witnésse
 We han for it be ful laborious.

10

15

20

O li:ge Lord, that han be plentevous
 Un to your liges of your grace algáte,
 Styntith nat now for to be bontevous
 To us your servants of the ol:de date :
 God woot, we have been ay eerly and late
 Lovyn:ge li:ge men to your noblésse ;
 Lat nat the strook of indigence us mate,
 O worthy Prin:ce, mirour of prowésse.

V. 13. *We in our bill expresse.*] By this it appears, that these verses only accompanied a more regular petition [bill] presented to the King.

V. 20. *The olde date.*] This expression makes it probable, that the verses were written towards the conclusion of this reign : by which time HOCCLÉVE might have been in his office 25 years ; for the stoppage of his annuity in the last reign, implies, that he had a grant from Richard II. [See note to v. 423.]

A de

V.

A de B, & C de D, &c. *

SEE heer my maistr' Carpenter, I yow preye,
How many chalenges ageyn me be ;
And I may nat delivre' hem by no weye,

* This is not the title to the poem, but written in the margin, even with the first line. Under these initials is also this marginal note. " Ceste balade feust ten-
" drement confideree, & bonement executee."

V. 1. Carpenter.] Ross of Warwick says, that *John Carpenter* (made in 1443 Bishop of Worcester) was recommended for promotion by Henry V. on his death-bed. He might therefore be in circumstances to assist Hoccleve early in the next reign. By a patent of the 5th of Henry VI. printed in the last part of the third volume of DUGDALE'S *Monasticon* (p. 177, col. 2.) it appears, that a *John Carpenter* (probably the same) was one of the executors of the famous *Richard Whityngton*.

L

So

So me werreyeth coynes scarfetee,
 That ny cousin is to necessitee ;
 For why un to yow seeke I for refut,
 Which that of confort am ny destitut.

5

Tho men, whos names I above expresse,
 Fayn wolden that they and I evene were ;
 And so wolde I, god take I to witnesse.
 I woot wel, I moot heere, or elles where
 Reckne' of my dettes, and of hem answere ;
 Myn her-te for the dreede of god and awe
 Fayn wolde it qwyte, and for constreynt of lawe.

10

But by my trou-the nat wole it betyde :
 And therfore, as fair as I can and may,
 With aspen her-te I preye hem abyde,
 And me respyte to sum lenger day ;
 Some of hem grante, and some of hem seyn nay ;

15

V. 5. *Coufn.*] And very *cofyns* through hasty cruelte
 To the wode furies infernall.

LYD. *Fall of Ps.*

V. 8. *Above*, that is, in the initials at the top of the last page.

V. 14. *It* answering to *dettes* is a confusion of number; which grammatical inaccuracy old English writers were indeed frequently guilty of.

And

And I so sore ay dreede an aftir clap,
That it me reveth many a sleep and nap.

20

If that it lykid un to your goodnésse
To be betwixt *hem* and me swich a mene,
As that I migh-te kept be fro dureſſe,
My hevy thoghtes wölde it voi-de clene.
As your good plesance is, this thyng demene
How wel that yee doon, and how soone also
I suffre may in qwenchyngē of my wo.

25

V. 21. *Many a* both here, and in III. 21, makes but two syllables; as is always the case in MILTON, and frequently in SPENSER.

V. 23. *Hem*, though not in the Ms. is clearly required both for sense and metre.

V. 28. *Suffre.*] See Glossary.

VI. *

GO litil pamfilet, and strelle thee dresse
Un to the noble rootid gentillesse
Of the mighty prince of famous honoür,
My graciouſ Lord of Yorke, to whos noblēſſe
Me recomman-de with hertes humblēſſe, 5
As he that have his grace and his favoür
Fownden alway, for which I am dettoür
For him to preye ; and so shal my simplēſſe
Hertily do un to my dethes hour.

Remem-

* This poem has no title, but soon discovers itself to have been sent and addrest to Richard Duke of York, father to Edward IV.

The nine-line stanzas (of which it consists) were not very common with our old poets; and even in those few of the kind the arrangement of rimes was mostly different from what it is here: but DUNBAR'S *Golden Terge* exactly corresponds with the metre of this poem.

V. 1. *Pamfilet.*] Whether this word relates singly to the present poem, or to a number of the poet's other pieces accompanying it, is not so clear. HOCCLEVE calls his poem *de regimine principum* also a *pamfilet*. SKELTON speaks of a *noble pamphlet*.

V. 6. *He.*] A grammatical irregularity for *him*. See Glossary.

His grace and his favour fownden alway, &c.] Here we have a plain acknowledgment

Remembre his worthynesse I charge thee,

10

How ones at London desired he

Of me, that am his servant and shal ay,

To have of my balades fwich plentee,

As ther weren remeynyng un to me,

And for nat wole I to his wil seyn nay,

15

But fulfille it as ferfoorth as I may,

Be thow an owter of my nycetee

For my good lordes lust and game and play.

My lord byseeke eek in humble manéere

20

That he nat souffre thee for to appeere

In thonurable fighete or the préfénce

Of the noble princesse, and lady déere,

My gracious lady, my good lordes feere,

The mirour of wománly excellencie ;

Thy cheer is naght, ne haast noon eloquence

25

To monstre thee before hir y-en cleere :

For myn honóur were holsum thyn absénce.

ment of a long series of obligations. The poet's address to his friend Carpenter seems to have been the latest of his complaining strains. It is therefore by no means improbable, that the latter part of his life was rendered comfortable by the liberality of the Duke of York.

V. 12. *Shal* used elliptically for *shal be*. See TYRWHITT's glossary to Chaucer.

V. 25. *Haast.*] *Thou* is understood.

Yit

Yit ful fayn wolde I have a messageer
 To recomman-de me with herte enteer
 To hir benigne and humble wommanhede ; 30
 And at this tyme have I noon othir heer
 But thee, and smal am I for thee the neer ;
 And if thou do it nat, than shal the dede
 Be left, and (that nat kepte I) out of drede
 My Lord, nat I, shal have of thee poweer ; 35
 Axe him licéns, up on him crie and grede.

Whan that thou hast thus doon, than aftirward
 Bysee-che thou that worthy Prince Edward,
 That he thee leye apart, for what may tyde,
 Lest thee behol-de my maistír Picard. 40
 I war-ne thee, that it shal be ful hard
 For thee and me to halte on any syde,
 But he espie us : yit no force; abyde ;
 Let him look on ; his herte is to me ward
 So freendly, that our sha-me wole he hyde. 45

V. 40. *Picard* (of whom the editor has found no mention else-where) must have been the name of Edward's tutor. Edward was but seven years old in 1449; at which period *HOCCKLEVE*'s age could be little short of eighty.

If that I in my wrytynge foleye
 (As I do oft, I can it nat withseye)
 Meetrynge amis, or speke unsyttingly,
 Or nat by just peys my fentences weye,
 And nat to thordre' of endytyng obeye,
 And my colours sette of-te fythe awry,
 With al myn her-te wole I buxumly,
 It to amende and to corre~~e~~te, him preye ;
 For undir his correction stande y.

50

Thow foul book un to my Lord seye alsó,
 That pryd is un to me so greet a fo,
 That the spe~~e~~ctacle fórbedith he me,
 And hath y-doon of ty=me yere ago ;
 And for my sigh-te blyve hastith me fro,

55

V. 50. *Thordre* is the *ordre* in the Ms.; but metre requires the contraction; and, that being the case, the Ms. authorises this mode of junction by many similar ones.

V. 51. *Colours.*] Thus Lydgate in his *Fall of Princes* speaks of Chaucer's
 " colours of swetenes,"

and says of himself,

Of fresh colours I toke no manere hede.

V. 57. *The spe~~e~~ctacle.*] This word (both here and in the lines cited in the preface) must mean nearly the same as is now called *a pair of spectacles*. So thought the late worthy optician, Mr. Adams, whose professional judgment and truly communicative disposition the editor had availed himself of upon the subject. SKELTON in his *Crown of laurel* has the plural *spectacles*.

And

And lakkith that that sholde his confort be,
 No wondir thogh thou haue no beautée.
 Out up on pryde, causer of my wo !
 My sighte is hurt thurgh hir adverſitee.

60

Now ende I thus : the holy Trinitee,
 And our Lady the bleſſid mayden free,
 My Lord and Lady have in governance,
 And grante hem joie and hy prosperitee,
 Nat to endure oonly two yeer or three,
 But a thouſand : and if any plesānce
 Happe migh-te on my poo-re ſouffriſſance
 To his proweſſe and hir benignitee,
 My lyves joie it were, and ſuſtenance.

65

70

V. 65. *Free* seems to have been an usual epithet beſtowed on the Virgin :

----- annunciation of owre lady *fre*
 ----- purification of owre lady *ſo fre*.

JULIANA BARNES *on hunting.*

M

AN

A N
EXPLANATION
OF THE
REFERENCES AND ABBREVIATIONS

USED IN THE GLOSSARY.

The small figures, when by themselves, refer to the corresponding lines in the *first* poem; when they have Roman numerals prefixt, then to those of the poem pointed out by the said numerals.

Immediately after each word to be explained is an abbreviation, denoting the part of speech; as *v.* for verb, *n.* for noun, &c.

<i>Ab.</i>	The St. Alban's edition of the book on hawking, hunting, and Cootarmuris, in the year 1486.
<i>Carp.</i>	Carpentier's Supplement to the Glossary of Du Cange.
<i>Caxt.</i>	Caxton.
<i>Ch.</i>	Chaucer.
<i>C. C. Pla.</i>	Corpus Christi Play, printed in Stevens's Monasticon.
<i>Div. & Pau.</i>	Dives & Pauper, Pynson's edition, 1493.

Doug. Vir. Glossary to Gawin Douglas's Virgil by Ruddiman.
E. R. Earl Rivers's Moral Proverbs, printed by Caxton.
Fab. Fabyan's Chronicle.
Fort. Fortescue on Monarchy.
G. Gower.
Hylt. Walter Hylton's Scala Perfectionis, Notary's edition, 1507.
L. Lydgate.
M. V. Maundevile's Voyage.
M. L. D. Manning's edition of Lye's Dictionary.
P. L. Glossary to Peter Langtoft by Hearne.
P. P. Pierce Ploughman's Visions.
Prompt. Promptorium, &c. printed by Pynson in 1499, but compiled
 in 1440.
R. G. Glossary to Robert of Gloucester, by Hearne.
Spen. Spenser.
Tipt. Tiptoft Earl of Worcester's Translation of Cicero de Amicitia,
 or else his other tract printed by Caxton with it.
Tyr. Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer.
Wic. Wicliff's Testament according to the edition of it by Lewis.
 The *Glossary* there annexed to it omits many of its obsolete
 words.
 denotes a word not to have been used (as far as the editor can
 discover) by any other author than HOCCLIVE.

G L O S S A R Y.

A.

ABOVEN (*prep.*) 4. Above. *G.* and *L.*

Abyde (*v.*) 319. V 17. VI 43. Stay. *Wic.*

Acate (*n.*) 181. Purchase. *Tyr.* Achate.

Accusith (*v.*) 40. Discovers. *Tyr.*

☞ Admittible (*adj.*) 299. Admittable. This does not seem to have been a real word, but only a change of a vowel by poetical license for the sake of rime.

Adversitee, (*n.*) 5. 47. VI 63. See note to 5.

Agast (*part.*) 259. 424. Terrified. *Tyr.*

Ageyn (*prep.*) 52. II 19. III 31. 56. V 2. Against. *Tyr.*

Ago (*part.*) 265. Gone. *Tyr.*

Al (*adv.*) 16. 192. III 7. Quite. *Tyr.*

— (*conj.*) 209. Although. *Tyr.*

Al day See day.

Algat (*adv.*) 183. IV 18. Always. *Tyr.*

Amis (*adv.*) 164. 224. Ill. *Tyr.*

Appall (*v.*) 310. Grow flat. *L.*

Which never shall *appallen* in my minde,
But alwaie *freſſe* been in myne memorie.

Prol. to Storie of Thebes.

Pall as a verb neuter is still used in the same fense.

Appert—See *privée*.

Arghnesse (*n.*) 435. Indolence. *Arg.* for indolent may be found in *M. L. D. Supp.* Forming substantives by the addition of *nes* was the practice of other writers; for in *Cootarmuris* we have *longnes* and *brodenes*.

Armonie (*n.*) 255. Harmony. *L.*

Arn (*v.*) III 49. Are. *Tyr.*

Arte (*v.*) IV 8. Constrain. *Tyr.*

Artith 438.

Artid (*part.*) 396.

As seems often to be redundant, like *as* in the modern phrase *as yet*. See 65. 182. 289. 307.

Affautes (*n.*) 58. Assaults. *Tyr.*

Aſterte (*v.*) 96. Escape. *Tyr.*

Attemprely (*adv.*) 106. Temperately. *Tyr.*

Avantage (*n.*) 167,9. Advantage. *Tyr.*

Avante (*v.*) 6. Boast. *Tyr.*

Auſtour (*n.*) 223. Source. *Wic.*

Avyſe [with *thee*] (*v.*) 372. Look to thyſelf. *Tyr.*

Avyſid (*part.*) 273. III 57. ADVISED. *Doug. Vir.*

Awayte (*v.*) III 70. See the note.

Axe (*v.*) 182. 440. VI 36. Ask. *Tyr.*

Axith

Axith (v.) III 12. Requires. *Div. & Pau.*

Axynge (n.) II 12. Request. *Tyr.*

B.

Beede (v.) III 14. Say. *R. G.* See *bud* in the addenda to *M. L. D.* where one of the interpretations of *beodan* is *prædicare*.

Behight (part.) III 30. Promised. *Tyr.*

Benefice (n.) 103. Benefit. *Wic.* I. *Tym.* ch. 6. and *Div. & Pau.* Pr. iii.

Bere (v.) 286. III 45. Bear. *Tyr.*

Berith IV 15.

Bestad (part.) 129. Circumstanced. *Spen.*

Bet (adv.) 178. Better. *Tyr.*

Bete (part.) 434. Beaten. *L.*

Bill (n.) IV 13. Petition. *L.*

This was the *byl*, which that Ihon Bochas
Made unto Fortune.

Fall of Ps. B. vi. ch. 1.

Bit (v.) 280. Bid. *Tyr.*

Blyve (adv.) 280. VI 59. Quickly. *Tyr.* *Blive.*

Bond (pret. of bind) 275. Bound. *Wic.*

“ Held Jon and *bond* him.” Mark, ch. 6.

Bonteuous* (adj.) II 8. IV 17. Bounteous. *L.* Bountevous.

* The letter *v* in this word, and in others of the same formation, was probably pronounced like *anf*; since in *Maundevile's Voyage* we meet with *plentifous*, and *costifous*.

Boot (*n.*) 190. Boat. *Wic.*

Boot-men 195.

Borwid (*part. of borwe*) 369. Borrowed. The verb *borwe* (but in another of its old senses) is in *C. C. Pla.*

Brent (*part. of brenne*) 390. Burnt. *Tyr.*

Brigge (*n.*) 190. 194. Bridge. *M. V.*

Brydillees (*adj.*) 78. Without bridle. —*lees* was the same privative termination, as the modern *less*.

But (*conj.*) 57. 129. IV 5. Unless. *Tyr.*

But if (*conj.*) 7. 445. III 19. Unless. *P. L.*

Buxumly (*adv.*) VI 52. Submissively. *Tyr.*

Bye (*v.*) III 31. Buy. *Wic. L. and Fort.*

Byseeke (*v.*) 411. VI 19. Beseech. *Tyr.*

Byseye (*part.*) 142. Beseen. *Tyr.*

C.

Carkeis (*n.*) 350. Carcase. The word *carkes* is in Fabyan.

Cessid (*part.*) III 17. Ceased. *Tyr.*

Challenges (*n.*) V 2. Claims. *Wic. Chalange.*

Charge (*n.*) 127. Business of weight. *Tyr.*

Cheef 50. See the note.

Cheer (*n.*) 266. Appearance. *Tyr. Chere.*

— VI 25. Courtesy. *R. G.*

Cheerid (*adj.*) II 9. *Glad cheerid.* Of a pleasant aspect. *L.* has
Hidously *chered*, and ugly for to see.

Storie of Thebes.

Cheertee (*n.*) IV 7. Regard. *L.*

Cherice (*v.*) 282. Cherish. *Tyr.*

Chevice

Chevise (*v.*) 101. 285. Bear up. See *Carp.* in *chevir*. *Chevise* is used in the same sense by *HOCCLEVE* in his *Letter of Cupid*, printed with *CHAUCER*; and also in *CHAUCER'S Complaint of Mars*, where *Urry's* glossarist (not understanding the word) would alter it to *cherice*.

Chinchy (*adj.*) 136. Niggardly. *Ch. R. R.* 6002.

Chyldly (*adj.*) 64. Of a child. *L.*

In *chyldly* wyse on her gan to smyle.

Fall of Ps. II. ch. 22.

This word (having no proper substitute in modern language) is worth reviving.

Clappid (*part.*) 394. Talked quick. *Tyr.*

Theyr tunge *clappith*. *L.* *Chichevache and Bycorne.*

Clept (*part. of clepe*) 225. Called. *Tyr.*

Combreworldes (*n.*) 225. Encumbrances to the world. *Tyr.*

Compleyne (*v. active.*) 20. 342. Bewail. *L.* and *Tipt.*

Compleyned (*part.*) 341.

Comune (*adj.*) 427. Common. *L.* and *Tipt.*

Conceit (*n.*) III 5. Conception. *Tyr.* Concret.

Confort (*n.*) IV 10. V 7. VI 60. Comfort. *L.*

Conseil (*n.*) 76. 86. Counsel. *Tyr.*

Conseillynge (*part.*) 278. Counselling. *P.* *L.*

Contenance (*n.*) 266. Countenance. *L.*

Contened (*part.*) III 36. Contained. *Wic.* *prol. to apocal.*

Contrarie (*v.*) 191. Oppose. *Wic.*

Contree (*n.*) 215. Country. *M. V.*

Cotidian (*adj.*) 25. Daily. *Tyr.*

Countrefete (*v.*) 322. Imitate. *Tyr.* Contrefete.

Cravour (*n.*) 429. One that craves.

Cure (n.) 261. 309. Care. *Tyr.*

Custume (n.) 113. 161. III 52. Custom. *Caxt.*

D.

Dar (v.) 137. 321. 425. Dare. *Wic.*

Daunger (n.) 126. Coyness. *Tyr.*

Day (n.) 185. V 18. Time. *Tyr.*

Al day 224. 430. Always. *L.*

Day by day. 39. 122. Continually. *Wic.*

Debate (v.) 328. Combat. *Spen.*

Well could he turney, and in lifts *debate*.

F. Q. B. II. C. I. ft. 6.

Delivre (v.) V 3. Discharge. *Wic.*

Demene (v.) V 26. Manage. *Tyr.* Demaine. See *Carp.* Dismanare.

Departith (v.) 133. Separates. *M.*, *V.*

“ Departethe Ytaille and Greece.” ch. 5.

Deprave* (v.) 171. Vilify. *L.*

Derke (adj.) 88. Dark. *Wic.* and *L.*

Despense (n.) 205. 342. Expence. *Tyr.* Dispence.

Despenses. 345. III 13.

Desporte (v.) II 30. Divert. *Tyr.* Disport.

* The editor is much mistaken, if this verb is not used in the same sense by Shakspeare, even in a passage which Johnson has cited, as an instance of its other meaning [to corrupt].

Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or *depraves*?
Timon, act i.

Let any reader only look at the context both' before and after. Even Johnson shews in the same dictionary, that Shakspeare used *depravation* for *defamation*.

Desteyned

Desteyned (*part.*) 340. Disparaged. *Doug. Vir.* Distene.
 Dettes (*n.*) 375. V 12. Debts. *L.*
 Dettour (*n.*) VI 7. Debtor. *Wic.* and *Tipt.*
 Dide (*v.*) Did. *Wic.* and *M. V.* and *L.*
 Dirkneffe (*n.*) II 5. Darkness. *L.*
 Displefaunt (*adj.*) 405. Displeasing. *Tyr.*
 Dissert * (*n.*) 272. Desert or Merit. *M. V.*
 Disseverance (*n.*) 20. Separation. *Doug. Vir.*
 Doumb (*adj.*) 433. Dumb. *Wic.*
 Dreede (*n.*) 157. Doubt. *Out of drede.* VI 34. Without Doubt. *Tyr.*
 Dresse (*v.*) 352. Apply. VI 1. Address. *Tyr.*
 Dreffid me (*pret.*) 194. Took my way. *L.*
 Drope (*n.*) 415. Drop. *L.*
 Dureffe (*n.*) 12. Hardship. *Tyr.*
 —— V 24. Harm. *L.*

For winter Storms might do them no *dureffe*.

Fall of Ps.

E.

Effect (*n.*) III 42. Substance. *Tyr.*
 Eft (*adv.*) 408. Again. *Tyr.*
 Elles (*adv.*) II 23. Else. *Elles where.* V 11. Elsewhere. *Tyr.*
 Encombrith (*v.*) 355. Distresses. *L.*
 Enditith (*v.*) 298. Dictates. *Tyr.*

* *Dis* for *de* was formerly used in other words derived from the French: Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* has *disolate*, and *disgrade*.

Enlumynyng (n.) II 4. Illumination. *L.*
 Enteer (adj.) VI 29. Entire. *L.*
 Entent (n.) 182. Intention. *Tyr.*
 Entremete (v.) 429. Interpose. *Tyr.* Entermete.
 Envolupid (part.) 245. Wrapt up. *Tyr.*
 Ernestful (adj.) 293. Zealous. *M. L. D.* *Earnest* interpreted by *studioſus*.
 Eschue (v.) 216. Eschew or avoid. *G.* and *L.*
 Evere mo (adv.) 199. 267. Evermore. *G.*
 Execute (part.) 76. 359. Put in execution. *L.*
 Ey (interj.) 393. *Tyr.*

F.

Farſid (part.) 13. Stuffed. *Tyr.*
 Favell (n.) 244, 7. 284, 7. Favele. 223. Cajolery or flattery by words. *Carp.*
 Faveles (gen. ca.) 211. See the note.
 Feere (n.) VI 23. Wife. *In feere.* III 40. In company. *Tyr.*
 Feith (n.) 219. Truth. *Alb.* in *Cootarmuris*: *As feith is* ‘as is the truth.’
 Felawe (n.) III 2. Companion. *Tyr.*
 Femel (n.) 138. Family. *Doug.* *Vir.*
 Ferd (part.) 170. Afraid. *Tyr.*
 Ferfoorth (adv.) VI 16. Far forth. *Tyr.*
 Fern ago (adv.) 196. Long ago. *P. P.* 80. b.
 Ferneyer (n.) 423. The former year. This explication is thoroughly substantiated by the marginal annotation in the Ms.; for which see the note. It also accords with *Tyrwhitt's* conjectural explanation of the same word in CHAUCER's *Troilus*; only that it is there (perhaps unnecessarily) supposed a plural. The interpretation of this word by *Urry's* glossarist, who takes it on

on Skinner's authority to be a corruption of *Fevriere* [February], is almost ridiculous.

Folie (n.) 40. 62. 303. Folly. *Tyr.*

☞ Foley (v.) VI 46. Trifle. *Carp.* Folier.

For like the French *pour* before infinitives. *Tyr.*

— (conj.) Because that. *Tyr.*

For thy (conj.) 356. Therefore. *Tyr.*

For why (conj.) II 43. V 6. Wherefore. *Wic.* Luk. ch. 12. v 3. *Div.*

☞ *Pau.* Pr. viii. ch. i. towards the end. Also *Hylt.* in a few places.

This sense of *for why*, which accords best of any with the two passages in *HICCLEVE*, is, notwithstanding its analogy with the foregoing article, very rare in old writers: the *why* in general (except where the two words make the whole of an interrogative sentence) is redundant, and makes no alteration in the accustomed senses of *for*.

Force (n.) 130. Necessary consequence. *Doug.* *Vir.* No force. VI 43.

No Matter. *Tyr.* No force of. 305. No matter for. *Tyr.*

Foryeve (v.) 408. Forgive. *Div.* & *Pau.*

Fostred (part.) 229. Nourished. *Tyr.*

Free (adj.) VI 65. Liberal. *Tyr.*

Fro (prep.) From. *Tyr.*

Fundacioun (n.) III 24. Foundation. *L.*

G.

Gentilleffe (n.) II 17. Liberality. VI 2. Dignity. *Tyr.*

Gesse (v.) 332. Gues. *Tyr.*

Gleede (n.) 159. Burning coal. *Tyr.*

Good (n.) III 47. Goods or Wealth. *Tyr.*

Governaill (*n.*) II 9. Governance. *Ch.*

Grede (*v.*) VI 36. Cry loudly. *Tyr.*

Guerdon (*n.*) 367. Retribution. *L.*

Fraud quit with fraud is *guerdon* covenable.

Fall of Pr. II. ch. 30.

Gye (*v.*) 387. Guide. *Tyr.*

Gyed 228. Gyeth III 34.

Gyfe (*n.*) 270. 427. Guise or fashion. *Tyr.*

H.

Habownde (*v.*) III 47. Abound. *L.*

Habundantly (*adv.*) 119. Abundantly. *Hylt.*

Halt (*pret. of hold.*) 53. Held or kept. *Tyr.*

Han for haven (*plur. or inf. of*) Have. *Tyr.*

He (*pro.*) VI 6. Him. *P. L.* This indeed seems to have been a common phraseology. “ *He* that moche hath moche behoveth.” *Dives & Pauper.* ch. 4.

— is in all in its cases used for it. *Tyr.*

Hem (*pro.*) Them, and Themselves. *Tyr.*

Hennes (*adv.*) 49. Hence. *Tyr.*

Herkne (*v.*) 263. Hear. *L.*

When Thelamon *herkened* had his tayle.

Highte (*n.*) On highte. 172. Aloud. *Tyr.* who gives his interpretation only as a conjecture, but which is clearly confirmed by this passage in *HOCCLEVE*. Indeed Spenser uses these words in the same sense.

F. Q. B. V. C. 4. ft. 45.

Him is frequently used for himself. *Tyr.*

Hir

Hir (*pro.*) Her, and their. *Tyr.*

Hire (*pro.*) Her.

— 285. Herself.

Holcote (*prop. name.*) 249. Robert Holcote was a voluminous theological writer in the time of Ed. III. His latin treatise on the Wisdom of Solomon, which is referred to by HOCCLIVE, was printed at several places on the Continent in the fifteenth century. The reader that would know more of him, may consult TANNER's *Bibliotheca Britann.* and FABRICIUS in his *Bibl. lat. med. & inf. ætatis.*

Holsum (*adj.*) 248. II 34. VI 27. Wholsome. Good. *L.*

Hondes (*n.*) 115. Hands. *Tyr.*

Honestee (*n.*) III 48. Honour. *Wic.* I Cor. ch. 12.

How (*adv.*) V 27. In such manner as. *R. G.*

⇒ Humblely* (*adv.*) 411. Humbly.

Humbleffe (*n.*) VI 5. Humility. *Tyr.*

I.

Importune (*adj.*) 425. Troublesome. *Tyr.*

Inly (*adv.*) 237. Thoroughly. *Tyr.*

Inne (*prep.*) III 6. In. *Tyr.*

K.

Keep (*n.*) 195. Care. *Tyr.*

Kepte (*pret. of kepe.*) 425. Took care. *Tyr.*

* This manner of forming adverbs extended formerly to some others, which are now found's sake entirely left off. Thus in the will of Hen. IV. (preserved in Weever p. 208) we have the word *whollily*.

Knyt

Knyt (*part.*) 22. 343. Bound. *Tyr.* Knit.

Kus (*n.*) 155. Kiss. *G.*

Kythe (*v.*) 406. Make known. *Tyr.* Kithe.

L.

☞ Lagh* (*n.*) III 33. Just share. *M. L. D.* interprets the faxon word by *jus*.

Larger (*adj.*) 205. More prodigal. *Tyr.* Large.

Lat (*v.*) Let. *M. V.*

Leef (*adj.*) 292. Pleasing. *Tyr.* Lefe.

Leet (*v.*) Stoppe leet, 254. Made stop. *M. V.*

“ He leet setten 12 greet stones.” ch. 6.

Leeved (*part.*) 220. Believed. *Tyr.* Leve.

Lenger (*adv.*) 288. 392. Longer. *Tyr.*

— (*adj.*) V 18. *L.*

Leste (*pret.*) 107. Liked. *Tyr.*

Lefynges (*n.*) 223. Lies. *Tyr.*

Lettynge (*n.*) 174. Hindrance. *L.*

☞ Lightlees (*adj.*) 88. Void of light. See Brydillees.

Likerous (*adj.*) 147. Liquorish. *M. L. D.*

List (*v.*) 84. 233. Likes. *Tyr.*

— (*impersonal*) 120. II 22. III 37. 67. It pleases. *Tyr.*

Loos (*n.*) 345. Praise. *Tyr.*

* This word has the same orthography in an extract (see Weever p. 153) from an old Métrical psauter, in the Bodleian Library: but there its sense exactly corresponds with that of the modern word *law*.

Lore (*part. of lere.*) 349. Lost. *G.*

The loss is had, the lucre is *lore.* B. IV.

Lofengour (*n.*) 220. Flatterer. *Tyr.*

Lust (*n.*) II 13. III 60. VI 18. Pleasure. *Tyr.*

Lusty (*adj.*) 138. Lovely. *P. L.*

Lym 31. See the note.

Lyte. A lyte and lyte. 92. *L.* in *Troy-book* uses *a lyte* adverbially for 'a little,' and *lyte and lyte*, for 'by little and little'.

M.

Magnificece (*n.*) 441. Dignity. *L.*

Maistir (177. 201.) seems to have been an honorary appellation. *Wic.*

"And to be clepid of men *maistir.*" Mat. ch. 23.

— has *my* prefixt to it, when used in addressing any person. V 1.
VI 40.

Maistrie (*n.*) *For the maistrie* 149. In the best manner. *M. V.* ch. 26.

The maistrie for the excellence was common: so in *G.*

— *The maistrie*

Is, that a man himself defende
Of thyng, which is nat to commende.

B. III.

Maistrieth (*v.*) III 35. Masters. *L.*

Malencolie (*n.*) 301,2. Melancholy. *L.*

Maneere (*n.*) 140. III 37. VI 19. Manner. *P. L.* and *L.*

Mate (*v.*) IV 23. Fell. *Carp.* Mater.

Mateere (*n.*) 268. Matter. *Tyr.*

May (*v.*) II 27. V 16. VI 16. Have the power. *Tyr.*

Ne may 34. Cannot.

O

Meetrynge

Meetrynge (*part.*) VI 48. Making metre. *L.*

Falsely *metryd* both of shorte and longe. *Troy-book.*

Meeved (*part.*) 333. Moved. *L.*

Mene (*adj.*) 352. Middle. *Tyr.*

——— (*n.*) 356. Moderation. V 23. A mean. *Tyr.*

Meschance (*n.*) *With Meschance.* 280. With a curse on you. *Tyr.* With.

Mescheef (*n.*) 53. 208. Misfortune. *Tyr.* Mischefe.

Messageer (*n.*) VI 28. Messenger. *L.*

Mesure (*n.*) 306. III 34. Moderation. *Tyr.*

Meynee (*n.*) 202. People. *P. L.*

Michel 422. Michaelmas.*

Mirie (*adj.*) 237. Merry. *P. L.*

Moche (*adv.*) II 6. Much. *Tyr.*

Mochil (*adj.*) 370. III 11. 61. Much. *Tyr.*

☞ Monstre (*v.*) VI 26. Exhibit. *Carp.* Monstrant.

Moot (*v.*) 75. 398. V 11. Must. *Tyr.* Mote.

——— II 23. Used impersonally.

More (*adj.*) 65. Greater. *Tyr.*

Most (*v.*) 373. Must. *Tyr.*

Mowe (*v.*) 148. May. *Tyr.*

Myghelmesse II 14. Michaelmas. *Div. & Pau.*

N.

Naght (*n.*) VI 23. Nothing. *Tyr.* Naught.

Nat (*adv.*) Not. *Tyr.*

* Michel and Masse might formerly make two words; as we have *Martyn maffe* in R. G.

Ne (*adv.*) Not. (*conj.*) Nor. *Tyr.*
 Neer (*adv.*) VI 32. Nigher. *Tyr.* Nere.
 Neigheburgh (*n.*) 166. Neighbour. *E. R.* Neighburgh.
 Nere (*v.*) II 3. Were not. *Tyr.*
 Nightertale (*n.*) 306. Night-time. *Tyr.*
 Noblesse (*n.*) 410. IV 22. VI 4. Dignity. *Tyr.*
 Noght (*adv.*) 254. 310. Not at all. *Tyr.* Nought.
 Noon (*adj.*) 132. III 45. VI 25. 31. None. *Alb.*
 N'ot [for *ne wot*] (*v.*) 329. Know not. *Tyr.*
 Novelrie (*n.*) 38. Novelty. *Tyr.*
 Nyce (*adj.*) 204. Foolish. *Tyr.* Nice. The contemptuous word *nizy* had probably this original.
 Nycetee (*n.*) 45. 404. VI 17. Folly. *Tyr.* Nicetee.

O.

Of (*prep.*) 387. IV 18. In. *R. G.*
 Of tyme* (*adv.*) VI 58. Oftentimes. *Alb.* in *Cootarmuris*. Indeed *of* in old English sometimes signified *oft*. *R. G.*
 Ofte sythe (*adv.*) VI 51. Oftentimes. *R. G.*
 Oinement (*n.*) II 42. Ointment. *Tyr.*
 On (*prep.*) VI 70. In. *Tyr.*
 Ones (*adv.*) 409. VI. 11. Once. *Tyr.*
 Only (*adv.*) 83. Solely. *Tyr.*
 Oon (*adj.*) 169. One. *Alb.*

* *Oftyme* is printed as one word in Caxton's edition of Tiptoft, and in Pynson's of *Dives & Pauper*.

Or (*adv.*) 292, 3. 325. 376. Ere. *Tyr.*

— (*prep.*) 29. 226. 444. III 16. Before. *Tyr.*

Out (*interj.*) VI 62. *Tyr.*

Outrage (*n.*) 114. 371. III 35. Excess. *Prompt.*

Outrageous (*adj.*) III 27. IV 14. Excessive. *L.*

Outrageously (*adv.*) 109. Excessively. *M. V.*

⇒ Owter (*n.*) VI 17. Completion. This conjectural interpretation is here hazarded, on the strength of the old French verb *outrer*; one of the senses of which is *achever* in *Carp.*

P.

Pamfilet (*n.*) VI. 1. Pamphlet. See note. Johnson grounds his *literal* etymology (*par un filet*) of the modern word on Caxton's having printed it *paunflet*: but here we may see, that the older orthography was different.

Pardee (363) is an oath. *Tyr.*

Passyngly (*adv.*) 142. Exceedingly. *Wic.*

Pees (*n.*) 80. Peace. *Tyr.*

Peys (*n.*) VI 49. Weight. *P. L.* Peis.

Piler (*n.*) 8. Pillar. *Tyr.*

Pitous (*adj.*) IV 3. Compassionate. *Tyr.*

Play (*n.*) VI 18. Sport. *Tyr.*

Plentevous (*adj.*) IV 17. Abounding. *Wic.* To make clear sense of this passage in *HOCCLEVE*, the reader should likewise turn to article *Of.*

Plefance (*n.*) 229. 241. III 63. V 26. VI 69. Pleasure. *Tyr.*

Plesant (*adj.*) 10. 140. Pleasing. *L.*

Poesie (*n.*) 262. See the note.

Port salut II 22. See the note.

Poules 143. Paul's. *Tyr.*

Preeved (*part.*) 389. Proved. *L.*

Privee 270. See the note.

Privetee (*n.*) 331. Secret meaning. *Wic.*

Pryme (*n.*) 324. Nine o'clock in the morning. Glossarists by no means accord in their explication of this word: but it seems next to impossible, that *pryme* should have been limited to one and the same determinate import. Hearne (see *underne* in *P. L.*) proves it to have meant "six o'clock in the "morning." Mr. Tyrwhitt proves as clearly, that it stood for "the whole "first quarter of an artificial day." Neither of these senses are applicable to the passage in *HOCCLEVE*: but, as Hearne has shewn, that *pryme* signified a fixt point of time at the *beginning* of Mr. Tyrwhitt's period, it may also be inferred from *HOCCLEVE*, that it was likewise used for the *close* of it. Though the editor is unable to produce any other passage equally decisive on this head, yet he certainly has met with such as are not repugnant to *Hoccleve's* usage of *pryme*. That a word of this kind may have had so great a latitude of signification, is almost evident from the vague and various usages of *morning* in modern language. Also by a passage in *LYDGATE's Troy-book* it seems highly probable, that our ancestors had a *pryme* of the night, as well as of the day: *Medea* finds, that the time of the moon's shining will be,

a quarter passed after *prymc*.

Pyne (*n.*) 448. Grief. *Tyr.*

Q.

Qweynt (*part.*) 349. Quenched. *Tyr.* Queinte

Qwyte (*v.*) V 14. Pay. *Tyr.* Quite.

R.

Rakil (*adj.*) 83. Headstrong. *L.*

Real (*adj.*) 430. Royal. *Tyr.*

Rebel (*adj.*) 65. Disinclined. *L.*

Such as be *rebell* for to do plesaunce.

Fall of Ps.

Receite (*n.*) 114. Receptacle. *L.*

Reconforten (*v.*) 336. Comfort. *Tyr.*

Recorde (*v.*) 398. 400. Remember. *Tyr.*

Rede (*v.*) 382. Advise. *Tyr.*

Redde (*pret.*) 86. 105.

Redden (*plur.*) 91.

Reed (*n.*) 108. Advice. *Tyr.*

— (*adj.*) 159. Red. *L.*

☞ Refeere (*v.*) 290. Revert. This sense of the verb *refer* deviates in some degree from any the editor has met with.

Refut (*n.*) V 6. Refuge. *Tyr.*

Regned (*v.*) 11. Was predominant. *L.*

Regnynge (*part.*) 67.

Releaved (*part.*) 386. See the note.

Releevynge (*n.*) II 24. Relief. *Div. & Pau.*

Renneth (*v.*) 78. Runs. *Tyr.*

Repeir (*n.*) 137. Resort. *Tyr.*

Repreef (*n.*) III 28. Reproof. *Tyr.*

Resoun (*n.*) 70, 1. 360. Reason. *Wic.*

Reve (*v.*) 304. Deprive of. *P. L.*

Reveth. V 21.

Rewe (v.) 412. 443. Have compassion. *Tyr.*

Rial (adj.) IV 5. Royal. *L.*

Richeſſe (n.) 3. Wealth. *Tyr.*

Riotoures (n.) 118. Intemperate liver's. *Fab.*

Rowndel (n.) II 31. See the note.

☞ Rownyngly (adv.) 172. In a whisper. *E. R.* has *rownyng* the participle.

Rypeſt (v.) II 33. Ripeneſt. *L.*

When Ceres hath full *ryped* every grain.

Troy-book V. ch. 36.

S.

Sad (adj.) 274. Steady. *M. V.* ch. 14.

Salomon 85. Solomon. *Wic.*

Salut II 22. See Port.

☞ Scantneſſe (n.) IV 7. Scantineſſe.

Seeke (adj.) 409. Sick. *Caxt.*

Seekly (adj.) 15. Sickly. *Caxt.*

Seekneſſe (n.) 22. 118. 337. II 42. Sickneſſe, *M. V.*

Seelde (adv.) 73. Seldom. *L.* and *Tipt.*

Seith (v.) 276. Tells. *M. V.*

Selden (adv.) 165. Seldom. *Tyr.*

Self (pro.) 280. Selves. *Tyr.*

Sentence (n.) 160. Purport. See *Tyr.*

Servage (n.) 116. Servitude. *Prompt.*

Sette by (v.) 108. Rate. *Tyr.*

Setten by 281. Settith by 380.

Seur (*adj.*) 320. Sure. *E. R.*

Shal VI 12. See the note.

Shamefast (*adj.*) 431. Modest. *Tyr.*

Shapith (*v.*) 397. Makes ready. *Tyr.* Shapen.

Shent (*part.*) 375. Ruined. *L.*

Sholde (*v.*) Should. *R. G.*

Shul (*plur. of shal*) II 43. Shall. *Tyr.*

Simpleffe (*n.*) VI 8. Simplicity. *Tyr.*

Sit for Sitteth (*v. neut. impersonal*) 329. Suits. *Tyr.*

— (v. *a&L. impersonal*) 407. The similarity of figure in *f* and *s*, joined to similarity of signification, has induced some of the ablest antiquaries to doubt this meaning of the verb *fit*, and to suppose it an error for *fit*. Thus HEARNE in an old prose extract (which he has inserted in his Glossary to Peter Langtoft under the word *to name*) meeting with the participle *fitting*, conjectures, that it ought to have been *fitting*. Yet this very participle occurs in this sense no less than eight times in LYDGATE's *Fall of Princes*; and all parts of the same* verb in the same sense are to be found in most of the best authors of the 14th, and 15th, and even the beginning of the 16th centuries: for this very participle is so used in one of Barclay's eclogues, and in Froyffart. These instances are far too numerous to have arisen from errors of the pen; and the preterit *sate* differs sufficiently from

* In the printed edition of the prologue to *Cicero de amicitia* translated by *Tiptoft*, the word *fetteth* occurs in the same sense, but is probably an error of Caxton's for *sitteth*: as the latter word (so used) appears three times after in the same work.

fit to destroy such a supposition: but this preterit is frequently used in the same way, of which take an instance from Chaucer:

It *sate* her wonder wel to sing.

R. R. 750.

The modern verb *suit* being both *active* and *neuter*, and also *impersonal*, seems the genuine representative of the old *fit*—not yet totally obsolete; for we still say, ‘*sits* well or ill upon.’

Skill (*n.*) 299. Reason. *Tyr.* This usage of *skill* is as modern as SHAKESPEARE'S *Winter's Tale*:

You have

As little *skill* to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.

The passage is properly explained by WARBURTON; whose explanation is adopted by Johnson and Steevens. Yet JOHNSON in his Dictionary gives no such sense of *skill*, but produces this very passage as an example of its other senses. One should really suspect, that the lexicographer had not collected his authorities for himself, nor even revised them when collected for him. Such a supposition might clear him of downright stupidity, but to the impeachment of his common honesty—in dealing with the public. Let however his moral failings be

interred with *his* bones.

Men's literary deeds live after them,
and are proper subjects of animadversion, when an author's natural decease has entitled his *literary character* to an

EPITAPH*.

HERE, PEACEABLE AT LAST,
 ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS
 OF DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON :
 THE POET,
 THE CRITIC,
 THE PERIODICAL ESSAYIST,
 THE NOVELLIST,
 THE POLITICO-POLEMIC,
 THE LEXICOGRAPHER,
 TOPOGRAPHER,
 BIOGRAPHER.
 THE PUBLIC TASTE,
 (PATRON OF EVERY NOVELTY)
 CHERISHED HIS WRITINGS FOR A WHILE,
 AS MOST EXTRAORDINARY SPECIMENS
 OF PEDANTIC VERBOSITY :
 EVEN THE MATCHLESS INSIPIDITY OF RASSELAS
 WAS TOLERATED.
 HIS POLITICAL AND POETICAL TENETS
 DIFFERED WIDELY FROM EACH OTHER.
 A BIGOTED EDUCATION
 HAD TAUGHT HIM TO MAINTAIN
 LONG-EXPLODED ABSURDITIES
 IN MAXIMS OF GOVERNMENT :

* This epitaph was written very soon after Dr. Johnson's death, while New-
 papers were perpetually pestering the public with idle anecdotes about him.

HIS OWN FAILURES IN POETRY
 RENDERED HIM A PERFECT LEVELLER
 THROUGHOUT THE REGION OF THE MUSES.
 INCOMPETENT CRITIC FROM HEBETUDE,
 CREDULOUS RETAILER OF CALUMNIES,
 ILLIBERAL IN HIS CENSURES,
 CYNICAL IN HIS EXPRESSIONS,
 HE ACQUIRED THE LITERARY TITLE OF
 SNARLER GENERAL.

TO THE MANES OF POETS AUGUST,
 WHOM JOHNSON SLANDERED IN THEIR GRAVES,
 BE THIS AN EXPIATORY OFFERING.

Sleeth (v.) 19. Slays. *Tyr. Sle.*

Sinal (adv.) 98. 157. VI. 32. Little. See the note to 98.

Smert (n.) 25. 40. 385. Smart. *L.*

Smerte (v.) 384. Smart. *Tyr.*

Socour (n.) 55. Succour. *L.*

Soghte (v.) 43. Paid homage to. *L.*

O Lady Venus, whom I have *sought*.

Temple of Glass.

“To *seche* that *ydole*” means to worship it. *M. V.* ch. 16.

Sonne (n.) II 1, &c. Sun. *Tyr.*

Soothly (adv.) III 42. Truly. *Tyr.*

Sotil (adj.) 227. Subtle. *L.*

Souffisance (n.) VI 70. Sufficiency or ability. *Tyr.* Suffisance. *E. R.* has *souffysance* for sufficiency.

Souffysfe (v.) 356. Suffice. *Div. & Paup.*

Souffyse (*v. neut.*) 400. *L.*

Souffysith 83.

Soustenour (*n.*) 284. Sustainer or supporter. *L.* Sustenour.

Fall of Ps. III. ch. 25.

Spectacle (*n.*) VI 57. See the note.

Sterve (*v.*) 444. Perish. *Tyr.*

Styntith (*v.*) 200. Gives over. *L.*

— (*imperative plur.*) IV 19.

Stywardes (*n.*) III 51. Steward's. *C. C. Pla.* and *M. V.*

Sumdel (*adv.*) 314. Somewhat. *Tyr.* Somdel.

Suppoail (*n.*) II 18. Support. *L.* has the same word in his *Storie of Thebes*; but Dr. Morell in his common place book (which is now in the editor's possession) has unaccountably copied Lydgate's word, as if it was *supportayle*. With a slight variation of orthography *suppowail* is in HARDYNGE's, and in WYNTOWN's chronicles; and the glossarist to the latter derives it from the old French *apuyal*; but how that should form the first syllable of the English word, is rather difficult to conceive.

Susteene (*v.*) 5 362. Sustain. *L.*

Swich (*adj.*) Such. *Tyr.*

Syn (*conj.*) 71. 99. II 6. Since. *Ch.*

— *Syn that my life ne may no longer dure. Kn. Ta.*

— (*adv.*) 337. *Tyr.* Sin.

— 383. Next. *L.*

T.

Taille (*n.*) II 20. Tally. *Tyr.*

Tavernerés (*n.*) 179. Keepers of taverns. *Tyr.*

Tendure

Tendure (*v.*) 308. To endure. *L.*

Than, Thanne (*adv.*) Then. *Tyr.*

Theffect (*n.*) III 42. The effect. *L.* See Effect.

Thentente (*n.*) III 42. The entente. *L.* See Entente.

Theschequeer (*n.*) 421. The Exchequer. *P. L.*

Thidir (*adv.*) 126. Thither. *Tyr.*

Thikke (*adj.*) 146. In great quantity. *Ch.*

As *thikke* as motes in the sun-ne beme. v. 6450.

Tho (*adv.*) 12. 13. Then. *Tyr.*

— (*pro.*) V 8. Those. *Tyr.*

Thonourable (*adj.*) VI 21. The honourable.

Thordre (*n.*) VI 50. The order. *Caxt.*

Thrife (*v.*) 360. Thrust. *Tyr.* Threste.

Thrify (*adj.*) 135. Thirsty. *Div.* & *Pau.*

Thurgh (*prep.*) Through. *Tyr.*

Thurgh out (*prep.*) 145. Throughout. *Tyr.*

To (*adv.*) 269. 362. Too. *Tyr.*

— (*prep.*) 45. In. *Tyr.*

To fore (*adv.*) 348. Before. *G.*

Toffende (*v.*) 46. To offend.

Tokne (*n.*) 419. Token. *M. V.*

Trefor (*n.*) 1. Treasure. *E. R.*

Treforeer (*n.*) 418. Treasurer. *Caxt.*

Trete (*v.*) 437. Declare. *Alb.* “Where this mater shall be moor playnli *tretit.*” *Cootarmuris.*

Trowe (*v.*) 394. Believe. *Tyr.*

Tryce (*v.*) 287. Thrust. *Tyr.*

Tweye (*adj.*) 419. Two. *Tyr.*

Twynne (v.) 17. 318. III 38. Depart. *Tyr.* Twinne.

Twynned (pret.) 42.

Tyde (v.) VI 38. Happen. *L.*

U.

Venym (n.) 211. Venom. *L.*

Verray (adj.) 71. 184. 371,3. Very. *Wic.*

Vertuous (adj.) 335. Salubrious. *M. V.* ch. 15.

Unlust (n.) 189. Idleness. *Div. & Pau.* " To mainteyne them in *unlust*,
" and in bodily ease. *Pr. vii.* ch. 22.

Unnethe (adv.) 216. 365. 400. Scarcely. *Tyr.*

☞ Unsittyngly (adv.) VI 48. Unsuitably. *L.* and *Fab.* have *unsittynge*.

Unwar (adj.) 41. Unwary. *P. L.*

Voide (v.) 382. V 25. Put away. *L.*

When quene Vasty was *voide* for her pride.

Fall of Ps. III. ch. 26.

——— 448. Clear. *Tyr.*

——— (v. neut.) 280. Go away. *Tyr.*

W.

Wacch (n.) 305. 322. Late revel. *L.*

The wynter he spent in lechery,
In *watch* and *ryot*.

Fall of Ps. V. ch. 15.

Soon after he repeats the three, and calls them

Nyght exceffe, *ryot*, and lechery.

Wafres

Wafres (*n.*) 146. See the note.

Warie (*v.*) 63. Revile. *Doug. Vir.*

Weene (*v.*) 364. Think. *Tyr. Wene.*

Wel was him 199. Well off was he. See *Tyr.*

Wele (*n.*) 287. Prosperity. *Tyr.*

Weleful (*adj.*) 402. Able to make happy. *Tyr. and Tipt.*

Wern [for weren] (*v.*) III 12. 55. Were. *L.*

Werne (*v.*) 430. 442. Refuse. *Tyr.*

Werre (*n.*) 80. 302. War. *Tyr.*

Werreith (*v.*) 117. V 4. Worries. *L.*

Wexe (*v.*) 159. II 5. Wax or grow. *Tyr.*

Weye (*v.*) VI 49. Weigh. *Div. & Pau.*

Whan, whanne (*adv.*) When. *Tyr.*

Which (*pro.*) V 7. Who. *Wic.*

Wighte (*n.*) 175. Weight. *Tyr.*

Willynge (*n.*) II 10. Supplication. This word seems to have the same meaning in Rastell's Chronicle: " His lordes in Normandye sent unto " kyng Henry [the first] his brother *wyllynge* for to come into Normandye."

Wite (*v.*) 285. Know. *Tyr.*

With (*prep.*) 271. See the note.

Withfeye (*v.*) VI 47. Deny. *Tyr.*

Wityngly (*adv.*) 46. Knowingly. *Div. & Pau.*

Wole (*v.*) Will. Wolde (*pret.*) Would. *Tyr.*

Wommanhede (*n.*) VI 30. Womanly dignity. *Tyr.*

Wone (*n.*) 294. Heap. *Tyr.*

Woot (*v.*) Know, Knows, Knew. *Tyr. Wot and Wote.*

Wooft. 361. Knowest.

Wowid (v.) 188. Wooed. *Tyr.*

Wrecche (n.) 63. A wretch. *Wic.*

Wrenches (n.) 378. Quirks. *Tyr.*

Wrooth 431. Chagrined. There are many passages in *L.* and in *Hylt.* where this sense seems much more applicable to *wrooth*, than that of *angry*. It probably has the same meaning too in BARCLAY's *Ship of Fools*:

Be the poore *wrooth*, or be he well apayde.

Y.

Y is frequently prefixt to verbs and participles without altering their signification. This practice very much prevails in Lydgate's *Troy-book*.

Y (pro.) 177. VI 54. I. *Wic.*

Yate (n.) 178. VI 9. Gate. *Tyr.*

Y-doon (part.) VI 58. Done. *R. G.*

Ye (n.) 98. Eye. Yen. (plur.) 97. VI 26. There was formerly great variation in the manner of spelling this noun: nor has the editor met with it any where exactly similar to that of the Ms. *Then* in the Ms. of Lydgate's *Legend of Seinte Margarete* comes the nearest.

Yeer (n.) 110. VI 68. and Yere. VI 58. Years. *Tyr.*

Yernen (v.) 39. Earnestly desire. *Tyr.*

Yeve (v.) III 30. Give. Yeveth. II 4. *Tyr.*

Y-holde (part.) 184. Holden. *L.*

Yiftes (n.) 366. Gifts. *L.*

Y-maad (part.) 203. Made. *L.*

Y now

Y-meeved (*part.*) 391. Actuated. *L.*

Y-meeved only of trouth and of reson.

Storie of Thebes.

Ynow (*adv.*) 145. 291. Enough. *Tyr.*

Yore (*adv.*) 29. Of a long time. *Tyr.*

Yoven (*part of yeve.*) 99. Given. *Tipt.*

Y-rooted (*part.*) 94. Rooted. *L.*

Y-tugged (*part.*) 197. Conveyed. *M. L. D.* Teogan, *ducere.*

F I N I S.

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LATELY PUBLISHED,

A N

E S S A Y

O N

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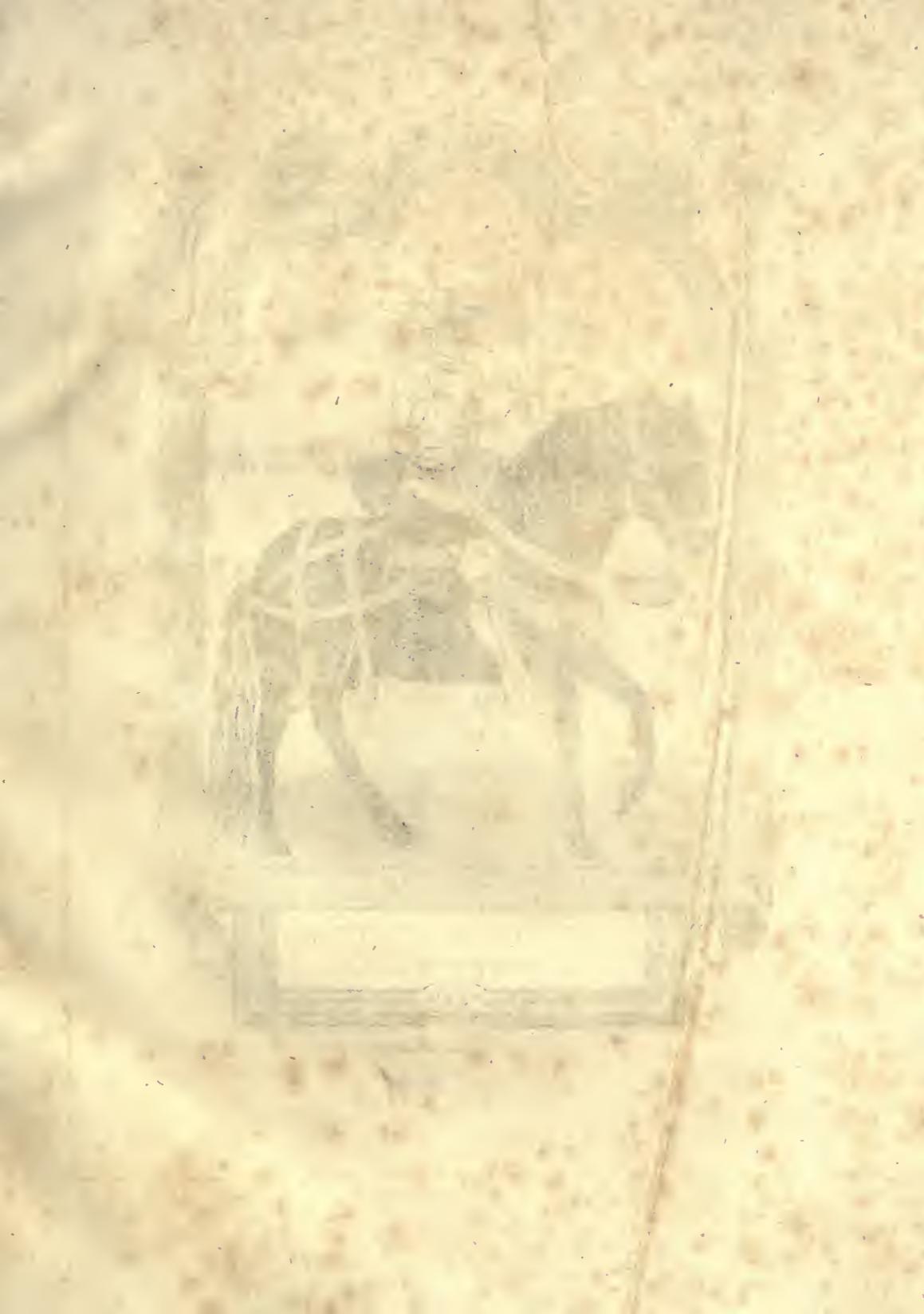
O N

B O W E R S,

AND ON

THE OLD MEANING OF THAT WORD.

By GEORGE MASON.





Here becommeth the lyfe of
Roberte the Deuyll.

Roberte the Deuyll.

A

METRICAL ROMANCE,

FROM AN

Ancient Illuminated Manuscript.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HERBERT.

1798.

ALLEGORICAL

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS MS of "Roberte the Deuyll," appears to have been transcribed word for word, from an edition in quarto, printed either by *Wynken de Worde* or *Pynson*, of which I have seen a fragment consisting of six leaves ; these have been collated with the MS to which is prefixed this note.

" No mention is made of this edition in
" Mr. Herbert's Typographical Antiquities.
" Nor have I ever seen a complete copy or
" heard of one : it is probable that the im-
" pression was destroyed in the Fire of Lon-
" don. There are no cuts in the fragment.

" The

“ The Drawings in the MS seem to be of
“ the time of Elizabeth or James I.

“ The MS. was formerly in the possession
of Mr. Ratcliffe.”

Mr. Herbert has, in p. 228 and 229 given
the contents of the several chapters, *as it
seems a curiosity*, from an edition by W. de
Worde, extant among Bp. More's books, in
the Public Library, Cambridge, (D. 5. 2.)
in prose, coinciding exactly in matter with
this, and finishing

“ Thus endeth the Life of Robert the Devil,
“ That was the Servant of our Lord,
“ And of conscience that was full evil :
“ Imprinted in London by Wynkyn the Worde.”

In Bibl. Rawlinsoniana No. 881, 22 Jan.
1727-8, is “ *The Famous Historical Life of
Robert II. Duke of Normandy, surnamed
“ for* ”

“ for his monstrous birth and behaviour, Robin
“ the Devil, 4to. London 1599.”

Robert II, the sixth Duke of Normandy was the son of Richard III, fifth Duke of Normandy, and father of William surnamed the Conqueror; see the genealogical tables, as mentioned in Typog. Antiq. p. 978, note t. and A. Mundy’s Brief Chronicle of the Success of Times, p. 343.

Mr. Warton in his Hist. of English Poetry, vol. I. p. 189, note n, says there is an old French prose Romance, *Robert le Diable*, first printed in 1496, often quoted by Carpentier; and a French Morality in MS. “ *Comment il fut enjouient a Robert le Diable*, “ *fils du Duc de Normandie, pour ses Mesfaits*, “ *de faire le fol sans parler & depuis N. S. eut* “ *merci de lui*” Beauchamp Recherches Th. Fr. p. 109. Another Romance in French

on this subject is in vol. I. of the *Bibliothèque Bleue*, 3 vol. 12mo. *Liege*, 1787. These are probably the same Robert.

An old English Morality *on this tale* under the title of Robert Cicyll, was represented at the High Cross in Chester in 1529. A MS of which poem on vellum, is mentioned also by Mr. Warton to exist in Trinity College Library, MSS No. lvii. fol. But doubt if the Oxford MS has any connection with or resemblance to, The Story of "Robete the Deuyll."

I. Herbert.

LONDON,

1st Sept. 1797.

THE

THE
LYFE
OF
Roberte the Deuyll.

LYSTEN lordinges that of marueyles
lyke to heare
Of actes that were done sometyme in dede
By oure elders that before vs were
How some in myscieffe their lyfe dyd leade
And in this boke may ye se yf that ye will rede
Of one Robert the deuyll, borne in Normandye
That was as uengeable a man as myght treade
On goddes grounde for he delyted all in tyranye.

A A Duke

The Life of

A Duke sometyme in Normandye there was
 Full uertuous and deuoute in all hys lyuynge
 And in almosē dedes, he yede in the waye of grace
 Of knyghtlye maners, and manfull in iustynge
 A Lordlye parsone, also courtes in euery thyng
 Hys dwellynge was at Nauerne vpon fayne
 At Chrystmas to honoure that holy tyme
 Open housholde he kepte, and to please God was
 [fayne.]

A feaste he helde vpon a certayne daye
 Lordes come thyther of greate renowne
 And as they fate at dyner a knyght gan faye
 Vnto the Duke, and on hys knees kneled downe
 My lorde he sayd ye be owner of many a towne
 Yet haue ye no lady, nor none heyre
 After your dayes to reioyce youre grounde
 Therfore gett youe a princes that ys yonge and fayre.

Wyueles longe said the duke haue I taryed
 And lyued sole withoute any mate
 I se well yt ys youre wyll that I shoulde be maryed
 But yet woulde I haue one to myne estate
 Accordynge, for and I shoulde take
 A Lady of nobler bloude than I am
 Or else of lower degre, foone shoulde I forsake
 Myne owne worship, and lyue lyke no man.

Roberte the Deuyll.

3

Yf I shoulde nowe wedde, and after repent
And lyue in forowe and greate langoure
Than myght I saye that fortune had me sent
A chaunce mysfortunate, distaynyng the floure
Of noble fame that shoulde encrease myne honoure
Wherfore lordes all, accordinge to prudence—
A foresight sayeth Salomon ys worthe treasoure
Yet be ye ruled by fortune a Lady of excellence.

Than sayde to the Duke a Baron right bolde
My lorde I besike youre grace of audyence
The Duke bade hym than saye what he woulde
In Burgonye sayd the Baron ys a ladye of reuerence
Daughter to the Earle, yf yt please youre magnyfie
Her for to take, there wyll no man saye naye [cence
Than to hys wordes the Duke gave credence
And sayde I knowe well the Earles daughter that lady
[gaye

In processe that lady to the Duke was maryed
A feaste was made of greate solempnyte
And twelue yeares together they taryed
In wealth and greate prosperytie
Goddes lawe they kepte and lyued vertuouslye
Yet chylde together had they none
They prayed to god with heart deuoutlye
Yf yt pleased hym for to fende them one.

A 2

Euer

The Life of

Euer they prayed, but yt woulde not be
 In twelue yeare, chylde had they none
 Good dedes they dyd, and gaue almose plentye
 Alacke said thys Ladye shall I lyve alone
 Ofte she syghed and made greate mone
 That no chylde on her body woulde spryngē
 The good Duke also ever dyd grone
 And sayed good Jesu yet heare my cryenge

Lorde sende me a chylde the worlde to multyple
 The Duke sayde, yf it be thy wyll
 My wyfe foroweth in her partye
 I feare that she wyll her selfe spyll
 Nothinge to the lorde that ys vnpossyble
 Nowe heare my prayer for loue of thy mother
 Sende me a chylde my petycion to fullfyll
 For to be myrry I desyre none other.

And on a tyme the Duke and Duches walked
 In a garden by them selfe alone
 Eche of them complayned and to other talked
 Howe they could haue no chylde, and made much
 Full greate, and saide joy have we none [mone ;
 I curse them saide the Duke that made the maryage
 For I had leuer to have lyued styll alone
 Chylde have I none, to reioyce myne herytage.

And





Roberte the Deuyll.

5

And said yf I had be maryed to another ladye
I knowe that I shoulde have had chyldren ynowe
The Duches aunswere as for her partie
Yf I had chaunged, verylye I trowe [youe
That chyldern I shoulde haue had; none haue I by
Let vs thanke god of that he doth vs fende
For I beleue and do verelye trowe
That all oure sorowe he may yt amende.

So on a morowe the Duke went on huntyng
Hys hearte was fullfylled all with thought
In hys mynde chydde, and agayne god grudgyng
He sighed sore inwardlye and ofte
If he myght haue dyed; nothyng he rought
And sayde god loueth not me, all in dyspayre
Many women haue chyldren: but myne nought
Alas I trowe I shall have none to be myne heyre

The fende tempted foore the Duke tho
That he wyft not what to do nor saye
He left huntyng and homewarde he dyd go
And in to hys chaumber he toke the waye
So there the Duches at the same tyme laye
In as greate trouble as her husbande was
And to her lorde saide no chylde I beare maye
I am vnhappye, and therewith sayde alas.

He

He toke her in hys armes and her kyfte
 And of that Lady he had all his pleasure
 And so begate a chyld ; and yt not wylste
 The Duke to oure Lorde made hys prayer
 For to fende hym a chylde for to gladde hys chere
 The ladye saide the Deuyll now fende vs one
 For god wyl not oure petycion heare
 Therefore I trowe power hath he none

She sayde yf I be conceyued this houre nowe
 I geve yt to the deuyll both soule and bodye
 Lo thys lady was nere folyshe I trowe
 And fullfylled with great obстыnacye
 Her owne soule there she dyd put in ieopardye
 For that houre she dyd conceyve with a man chylde
 That whan he was borne lyued myscheuousflye
 In thefste and murder lyke a tyraunte wylde

The tyme drewe so that nyne monethes was past
 Than her tyme drewe on verye nyne
 At the houre of byrth she laboured fast
 More than a moneth the boke doth specyfye
 She had many throwes, with many a pytteous crye
 Ladys prayed for her, and gaue almes dede
 They trowed verelye that she shoulde dye
 With that our ladye wolde her helpe and sped.

And

Roberte the Deuyll.

7

And asone as Robert the deuyll was borne
The skyes waxed blacke that it was wonder
And sodenlye there began a full greate storne
Rayne lyghtenyng with horrible thonder
They feared that the house would ryue a sonder.
Then blewe the wynde with greate power
That they wende the dome had he comen there
For downe wente wyndowes and euery doore.

Halfe the house the deuyll pulled downe
Yet at the last the wether waxed cleare
So for dreade thys lady laye in a fowne
That greate wetherynge she dyd sore feare ;
Her gentlewomen bade her be of good chere
They told her that the wather was gone and past
Then to the churche the chylde they dyd beare
And chrystened yt Robert at the last.

He was as bygge the same daye
As some chylde of twelue monethes olde
When they came from Churche he cryed all the
That yt made many hym to beholde [waye]
Men fade the chylde loked very bolde
Hys teeth grewe fai when that he shoulde soucke
The norylbe nypples so harde byte he woulde
That yt went then to her verye hearte roote.

There

There durst no woman geue hym suck in faye
 For hys teeth grewe so peryllouslye
 That the norysshe nypples be bote a waye
 But than they woulde no more byde the ieopardye
 So with an horne he was fedde trewlye
 At the years ende he could bothe go and speake
 The elder he waxed, the more vnhappye
 Shrewdnes he woulde do bothe in house and streate

Hurte would he do to woman and man
 Vngracious was he daye and nyght
 Yf he amonge any chyldren came
 He woulde them hurte both scratche and byte
 Caste stones at theyr heades and fyght
 Breake their shynnes and put some eyes oute
 Lordes and ladyes of hym had greate delyght
 And wende yt had ben but wantonnes withoute
 [doute.]

Mennes chyldren there he dyd muche harme
 Of them he hurte shrewdelye many a one
 Breake bothe legge headde and arme
 Therefore he was beloued of none
 Hys compayne chyldren forsoke everychone
 They dyd flee fro him as the deuyll fro holy water
 We wyll not haue hym amonge vs to come
 They sayd and he never do ; we be gladder.

For

Roberte the Deuyll.

9

For and the chyldern had seen hym come
In to the streate there for to playe
They wolde take theyr legges, and away runne
To theyr fathers as faste as they maye
Roberte the Deuyll dothe come they would faye
For yonge chyldren gave him that name
The chyldren hydde them in corners eucry daye
And to runne from hym they woulde leaue theyr game.

And whan that he was aboute seuen yeare of aye
Hys father sette hym to scole in dede
With a dyscrete man and a sage
And prayed hys sonne that he would sped
For to learne both to wryte and reade
And to Roberte the deuyll hys father sayde
Sonne, yf thy lyfe in vertue thou leade
Than wyll I with the be right well a payed.

Robert the Deuyll wente to scole a lytell space
And euer he thought yt to longe ywys
He learned so that he was past all grace
Yt happened at the last he dyd amyſſe
Hys master sayde Syr youe muste amende thys
Or elles forſothe ye shalbe beate
He sayde yf thou smyte me I wyll make the wylfſhe
That thou thyne owne fleshe rather had eate.

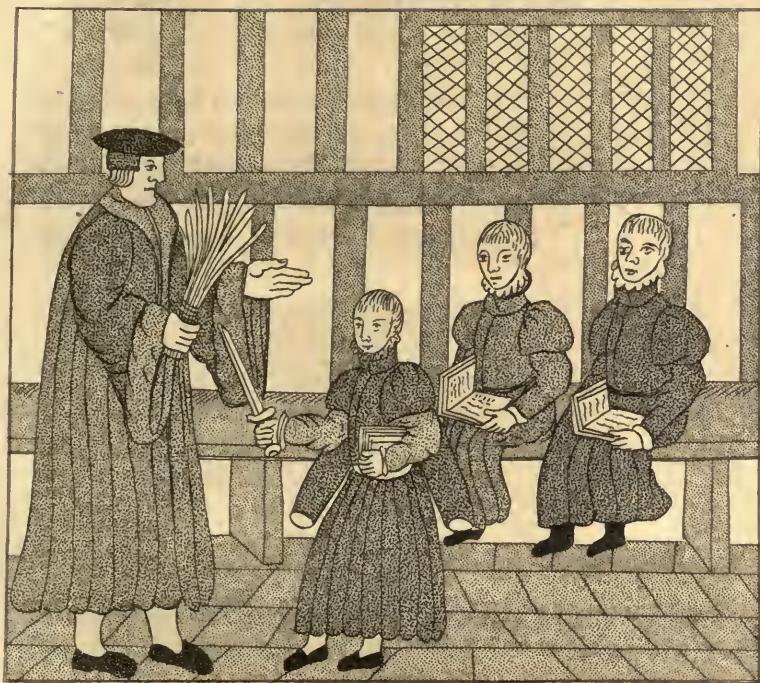
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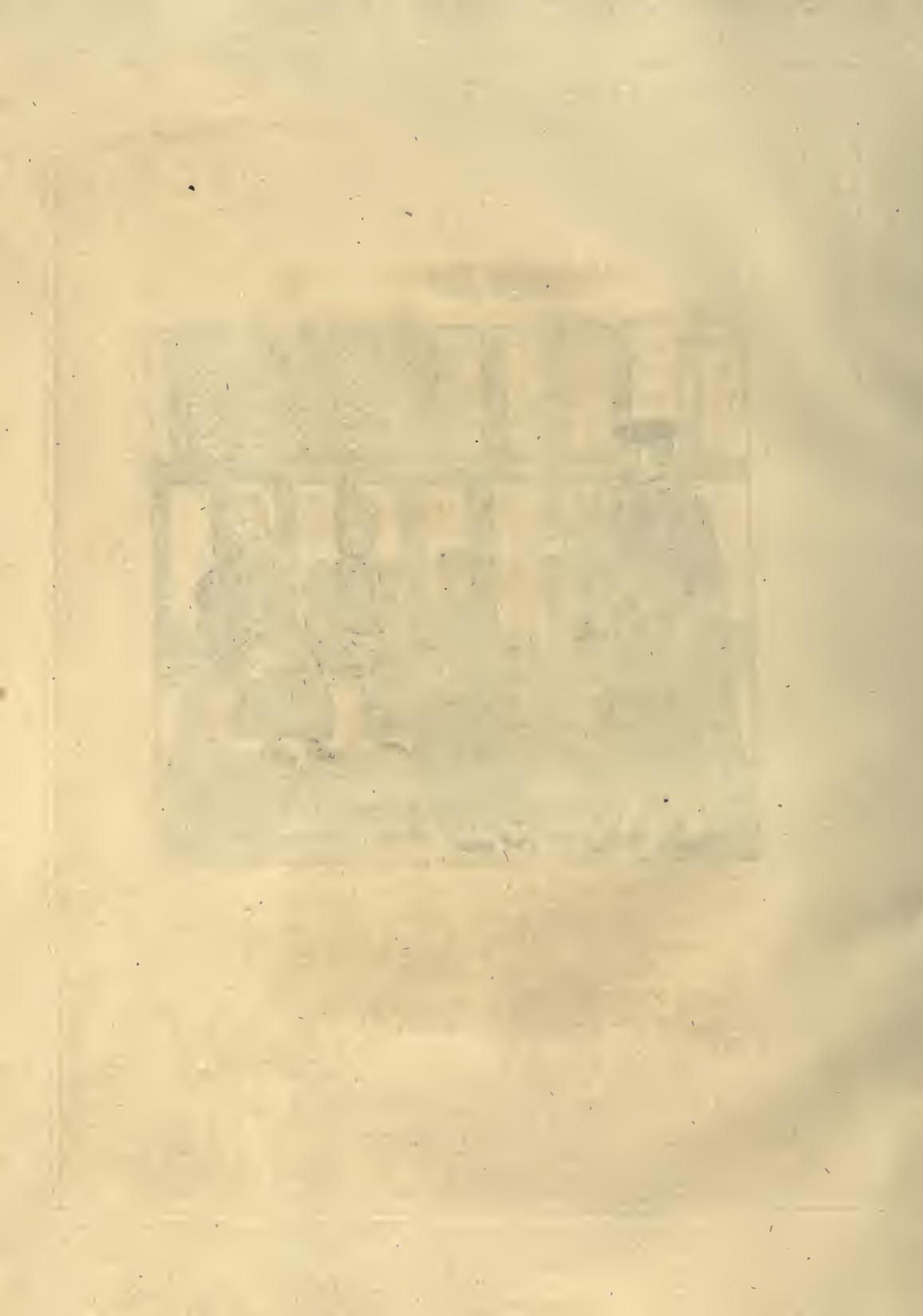
Naye

Naye sayde hys master ye be to bolde
 And toke a rodde for to chaste hym soone,
 So to beate hym he sayde that he woulde
 Roberte sawe what he purposed to done
 And sayde ye were better lette me a lone
 For with a dagger he thrust hym in to the bellye
 That the bloude ran downe in to hys shone
 So fewe hys master, and let hym deade lye.

Whan Robert the Deuyll sawe hys master fall
 He sayde he woulde go to scole no more
 Hys boke he threwe agaynst the wall
 The deuyll have the whyt that he was sorye therfore
 Alacke he made hys fathers hearte foore
 When that hys master had slavne
 The Duches cursed the houre that he was bore
 She sayde of hys compayne no man ys fayne.

After that there woulde no pryst hym teache
 He folowed uice, he woule be ruled by none
 And mocke prystes whan they shoulde preache
 For and he into the church had gone
 He woulde skorne the clearkes euerychone
 And when they songe, come them behynde
 So threwe dust in theyr mowthes by one and one
 And some in theyr eyes to make them blynde.





Roberte the Deupyll.

11

Yf he sawe any men or women deuoutlye knele
For to serue God with theyr prayer, or stande
Pryuelye behynde them woulde he steale
And geue them a sowce with hys hande
To cause some to yell out theyr tongues longe
Or els he woulde make theyr heades go to grounde
Theyr neckes he hurte sore he was so stronge
And many olde folkes he caused to sounde.

Yt was vnpossible for a clarke to write
The dedes he dyd that weare full vengeable
Then gentlemen that weare sadde and dyscrete
Complayned to hys father withoute fable
The Duke sayde, to chaste hym I am not able
Than Robert was brought before hym
He sayde: Sonne, thy dedes ben reproueable
Thou shamest me and all thy hole kynne.

Thow doest all thynges that dyspleaseth god
Thy scolemaster thou flewest with a knyfe
Because that he woulde haue beate the with a rodde
To the prystes in churche thou doest muche greyfe
Full ofte I wyfhe me oute of my lyfe
For thou of thy dedes arte so houge and peryllouse
That chyldren younge bothe mayde and wyfe
Whyche dothe the knowe geueth the theyr curse

B 2

All

All one with hym, in at the one eare and out at
 He was neuer the better daye nor nyght [the other
 Hys olde laye kept, he woulde do none other
 He was neuer glad but when he dyd fyght
 To swere and lye, theryn he had great delyght
 At last hys mother to her lorde spake
 And sayd yt were best to make hym a knyght
 Thys noble ordre let Robert the deuyll take.

For I trust then he wyll amende
 Whan he that greate othe doth heare
 Yt wyll make hym sorye for that he dyd offende
 And the workes of god hereafter for to leare
 The Duke consented euen right there
 And asked Robert yf he would lyue vnder awe
 Of god, and the order of knight-hode beare
 He aunswere I sett not thereby a strawe.

At the last Robert was made a knyght
 Hys father bade him take hede of hys othe
 To destroye wronge and to maynteyne right
 And do trewe justyce for leefe or for lothe
 For a knyght that in cheualrye goethe
 Euer agaynst vice he must fyght
 And supporte trewe maydens, and he so dothe
 He ys an inherytoure of heaven, goddes own knyght.

Robert

Roberte the Deuyll.

13

Robert aunswered, father at yōure commandement
I wyll thys greate order vpon me take
But for to chaunge all myne entent
As for my manners I wyll not forsake
All men shall not ones me make
For to leaue my customes olde
I will contynewe and neuer wyll flake
Thoughe I therfore my lyfe lose shoulde.

The Duke caused a greate iustynge to be
Lordes came fro many a farre lande
And Ladyes also that runnyng to see
He that shoulde be moste doughtye of hande
There was many a knight full stronge
That thought theyr clothes of full greate pryce
Yet a gayne Roberte there myght none stande
As for worship by hym woulde none ryse.

A fyelde was ordeyned bothe brode and wyde
With lystes fayre where they shoulde runne
Tentes were pyght on every syde
Greate was the people that thether come
The daye was fayre, hote shone the sonne [crye]
Greate trumpets blewe, the heraldes made theyr
That euery knyght hys deuoure shoulde done
For to proue who was moste myghtye.

Knightes.

Knyghtes then dressed them to the fytelde
 In syluer armoure fayre and bright
 Barons doughtye with speare and shylde [lyght
 With helmes and haubreks that all the fytelde dyd
 Steedes in trappoure the was a goodlye syght
 Speare heade that a strong cote woulde saylle
 Clothe of golde in harnes curyonfyle pyght
 Worne of haburgin many a stronge mayle.

Roberte the deuyll came in as meke as a Lyon
 In his fyfte he had a greate speare
 Of sure wodde both tougue and longe
 Hys loke fo grymme many men dyd feare
 Also that hougue staffe that he dyd beare
 Was almost as bygge as some twayne.
 Vnoccupyed saide Robert why stand we here
 For to leaue all worke he woulde full fayne.

The Duke bade them all to begynne
 A fayre knyght then feutred hys speare
 In fayth sayde Robert I wyll run to hym
 And lyghtly turned hys greate stede theare
 Eche agayne other speares did beare
 Those coursers dyd runne, they smote in the fytelde
 Hartye were bothe, nought did they feare
 That knyght smote Robert sore in the shytelde.

That





Roberte the Deuyll.

15

That the stroke made Robert right wrothe
To him he thought to ryde agayne
He feutred hys speare, and forthe he gothe
With hys shyelde Robert mette playne
And stroke so soore that he smote it euen in twayne
And throughe the knightes shulder the speare dyd
I trowe therof Robert was fayne [runne]
And asked yf any more woulde come.

Another knyght thought Robert to assaylle
So yode they together with greate raundone
Loth were they bothe for to fayle
And hastelye theyr stedes strongelye dyd runne
So swyfte with strenght Robert dyd come
That hys speare ran thorowe the knyghtes bodye
And to the earthe dead fell he downe
All men wondred of Robert trewlye.

The thyrde knyght to the grounde he smote
And brake hys horse backe a sonder
There was none that myght stande a stroke
Of hym that daye, nowe the people dyd wonder
To se that all knyghtes to hym were vnder
For so soore Robert dyd them assayle (thonder)
A man had ben as good to haue be smytten with
As to haue a stroke of hys hand without faylle.

Thre

Thre noble Barons he slew there that daye
 He fared as he had ben a fyende of hell .
 As was in earneste, and not in playe
 Fro theyr horses many knyghtes he fell
 And breke theyr armes as the bokes do tell.
 For he trewe so grefelye and soore
 That they knewe nother wo nor well
 On stedes myght they ryde never more.

All that he mette, he them down threwe
 Yonge nor olde he spared none
 For pitty had he no more than a Jue
 That daye he hurte there many a one
 And lyke a boore at the mouth he dyd fome
 He fought and stroke all while that he was able
 In peace he woulde not haue them to stande alone
 He loued murderers that were euer vengeable.

To kyll and flea was all hys delyght
 Tenne noble stedes backes he dyd brust
 When that he at theyr masters dyd smyte
 Or with hys speare at them dyd thrust
 To fight euer more and more he had lust
 For all hys pleasure was in deathe sett
 And euer he cryed who wyll more iuste
 The deuyll was in hym no man myght hym lette.

And



And whan hys father sawe howe in vengeaunce
He was sett, and woulde no sad wayes take
In hys thought he toke greate greuance
And bade that all the knyghtes shoulde departe
Eche theyr waye, and no more justes to make
Than Robert woulde not obey the commaundement
Of hys father, but sayd sorowe shoulde awake
For then in myscheif he sett all hys ententc.

He woulde not go fro the battaylle
But hue and slewe on every syde
The stronge knightes there he dyd assaylle
All the people fledde, they durst not abyde
The knyghtes all awaye dyde tyde
With lordes and Ladyes euerychone
Robert loughe whan he that spyd
Than thought he I will no more go home.

Than Robert rode into the countrey
And robbed and kylled many a one
Maydens and wyues he rauyshed pytteouslye
He pulled downe abbeys and houses of stone
For all the Churches that he dyd by come
Thorowe that countrey of Normandye
By hys wyll there shoulde stande none
For all hys pleasure was in murder and robberye.

He brente houses and slewen yonge chyldren
 Death vpon death was all hys lyfe
 The countrey complayned to hys father
 Howe theyr seruantes were slayne with Robertes
 Some sayde he hathe rauyshed my wyfe [knyfe
 And by oure daughters he hathe layne
 They prayed the Duke to synte that stryfe
 Or to flee that lande they would full fayne.

The Duke wepte and sayde alas
 That cuer I hym begate on woman
 My prayer vnto Jesu euer was
 For to sende me a chylde for I had none
 And nowe gode hath sente me one
 That maketh me full heauy and sad
 The Duches wayled and made great mone
 That from her mynde she was nye madde.

The Duke made hys seruantes to ryde
 To seke Robert in Cyttie and in towne
 Good watche was layde on euery syde
 On holte and heath in fytelde and towne
 And in euery place that they dyd come
 The countrey Robert dyd curse and blame
 And prayed that he myght haue an yll death soone
 For he the ordre of knyghthode dothe shame.

With

Roberte the Deuyll.

19

With Robert at the last these men mette
They sayde that he shoulde with them them goo
All aboute Robert shortlye they sette
One asked hym what he woulde doo
Wylt thou go with vs, he sayde noo
And drewe hys sworde and with them dyd fyght
Full greate woundes he gaue one or twoo
And all the resydue he put to flyght.

And all that he toke he put theyr eyes oute
So bade them go seeke theyr way home
And serued them all so withoute doute
These poore men they made greate mone
So Robert departed and lefse them alone
And sayde tell my father that yt ys for hys sake
Then these men in tyme to the courte came home
And shewed what mastryes Robert dyd make.

Thys good Duke in hearte was right wo
When he sawe hys mennes eyes oute
Fore angre he wyft not what to do
But commaunded all the courte aboute
Countables and bayllifes with all theyr route
All men to take hym who so maye
And in pryon to put hym without doute
He charged all men good watche to laye.

C 2

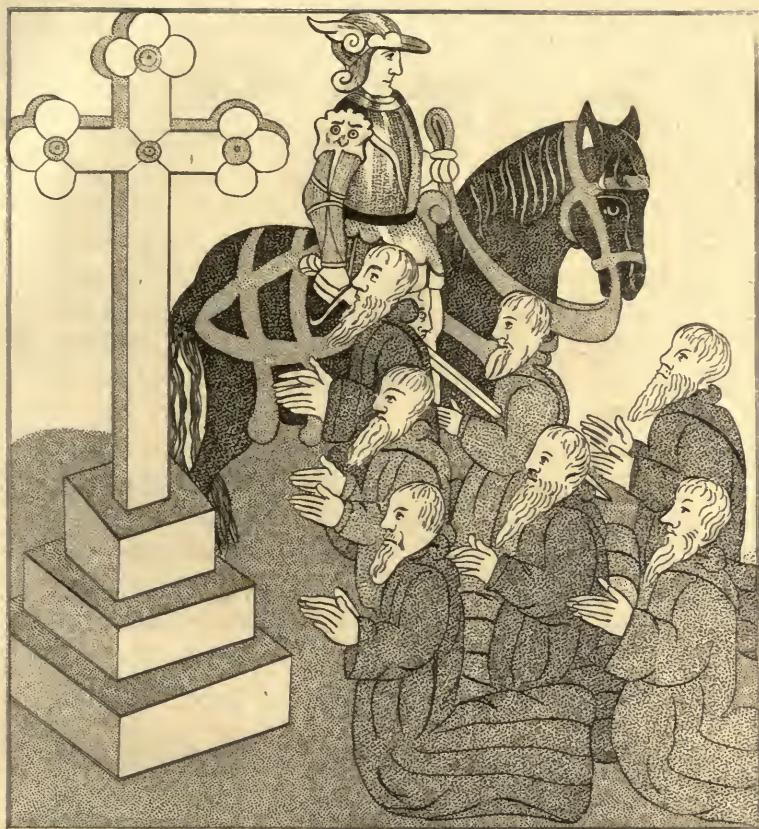
So

So when Robert knewe of thys warke
 He gathered a great compayne theues yll
 He gate hym into a forrest full darke
 Where yt was farre from boroughe or hyll
 There he lyued and all dyd he kyll
 That he myght se in the heath so playne
 Corne and fruites all dyd he spyll
 In doyng myscheif allwaye was he fayne.

Yt was hys pleasure to eate fleshe on the frydaye
 A dogge dyd faste as well as he
 Poore pylgrymes he kylled goynge by the waye
 And holy hermytes that lyued deuoutlye
 So on a daye he rose vppe earlye
 And in the forrest seuen hermytes he founde
 Before a crosse knelynge on theyr knee
 Of theyr prayers to heauen wente the sownde.

What holy whoresones he sayde be youe
 That gapeth vpwardes after the moone
 If ye be a thrust ye shall drynke nowe
 And oute he drewe hys swearde full soone
 The hermytes wylt no what to done
 But suffered death for Jesus sake [runne
 So throughe one of theyr bodyes hys sworde dyd
 For feare all the other dyd tremble and quake.

Than



Roberte the Deuyll.

25

Than he strake of theyr heades all
And reioysed at that peryllouse dede
In scorne he sayde, syrs do youe fall
Patter and praye ye in youre crede
Full faste these holy men dyd blede
That Robertes clothes were readde as vermulon.
With hys sworde he thought further to sped
In vengeaunce he rought not where he become.

Lo thys caytiffe was blynde and myght not see
The cloudes had in clypped the Sunne of grace
Lyke to an apple that the core dost putryfie
The darke mystes of uice smote hym in the face
He was none of the shepe of Israel but the kyd of
He exyled pitty as dyd cruel Kynge Pharaao [golyas
Heaped full of synne, as euer he was
That slewe hys own mother, men called hym Nero.

Then he lefte these seuen hermytes deadde
And rode oute of the wodde lyke a wylde dragon
So lyke a bore he threwe vp hys headde
The bloude of the hermytes couered all hys gowne
A shepherde he sawe and rode to hym soone
But whan the herdes man dyd hym espye
Yt was no hede to bydde hym begone
He ranne hys waye then for feare dyd he crye.

At

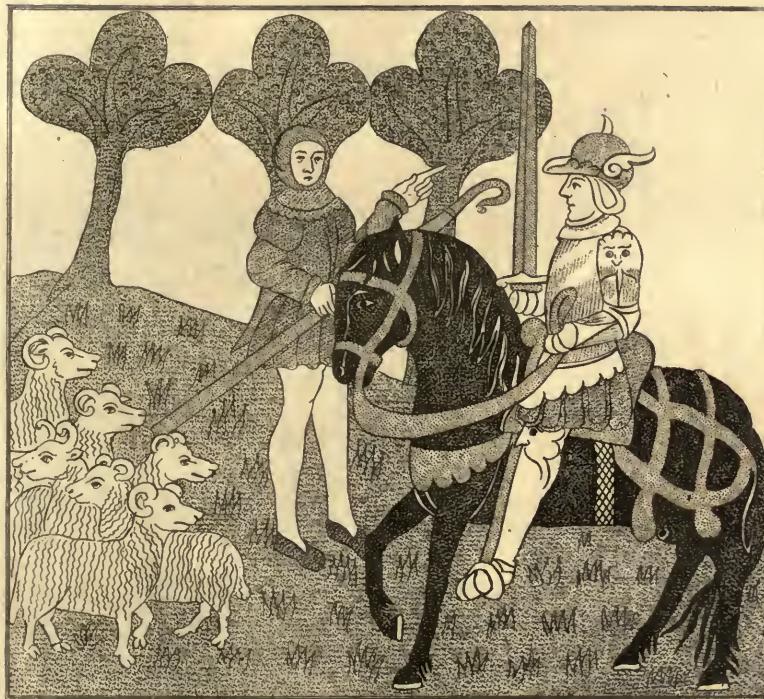
The Life of

At the laste he the shepherde ouertoke in faye
 And asked what tydnyges that he woulde tell
 The shepherd agayne to hym dyd saye [hell
 I was of youe afrayde I wende ye had come oute of
 And as for tydnyges, here ys darkenes castell
 There lyeth the Duches of Normandye
 With many a lorde of her counsell
 Of all thys greate lande the roialtye.

So Robert came to the towne there the castell
 The people sawe one ryde as he had ben madde [stode
 With a sworde in hande, and all arayed in bloude
 To runne in to house euery man was gladde
 At the last Robert began to waxe sadde
 And sayde alas that euer he was borne
 In murder and myschief my lyfe haue I ladde
 Hys heire of hys heade he thought to haue torne.

Than he was a bashed soore in hys mode
 Whan that the people woulde hym not abyde
 What yt mente than he vnderstode
 Euery body them selfe from hym dyd hyde
 Than to the Castle gate Robert dyd ryde
 Ayd fayne with some body he woulde speake
 But whan any man hym espyede
 They ranne awaie as they dyd in the streate.

Than









Roberte the Deuyll. 23

Than with a heāuy hearte downe dyd he lyght
And went streyght into the Castell hall
But when the people of hym had a fight
None durst hym byde there at all
Many for helpe dyd crye and calle
Hys mother sawe hym as she fete at meate
For feare she beganne to fall
And hasted her awaye for to gette.

And when he sawe hys mother goyng
He sayde alas Lady mother speake with me
Hys hearte for sorowe brast in weepynge
Whan he sawe her frotn hym so flee
And sayde to hys mother full pitteousflye
Lady tell me howe that I was borne
That I haue ledde my lyfe so mischiouflye
In the tempests of uice with many a greate storne.

Hys mother all unto hym tolde
Howe she gave hym to the fende both soule and bodye
And he asked her howe she durste be so bolde
To gyue hym from god allmightye
I knowe he sayd that I haue lyued synfullye
As euer dyd the emperoure greate Nero
Amende I wyll and for mercye crye
My dedes will I bewaylle whersoever I go..

Hys.

Hys mother prayed hym to smyte of her headde
 For the trespace she sayde, that I dyd to thee
 I am worthye therefore for to be deadde
 To god I offended also in obstynacye
 Slea me she sayde, and I forgiue yt thee,
 He sayde, Mother I wyll not do so
 I had leuer be beaten full bytterlye
 And on my feate to the worldes ende to go.

Than for woo Robert fell to the grounde
 And a greate whyle there he so laye
 There sodenlye he rose in that stounde
 And saide Mother nowe I go my waye
 To Rome wyll I hye as fast as I maye
 And prayed her to commende hym to hys father dere
 So he desyred them all for hym to praye
 And went forth with a full pytteous chere.

So shortly Robert toke hys horse and rode
 Strayght vnto the forrest to hys companye
 Than the Duches that in the Castle abode
 Shryked full sore with a full pytteous crye
 And saide alas lorde to synfull am I
 All women beware, curse neuer your chylde
 And yf that ye do, then be youe in jeopardye
 Also in myscheyff they shalbe desyelde.

Wyth

Wyth that the Duke came into the chaumber
 And asked her why she dyd wepe and wayle
 She sayde Robert youre sonne hath ben here [fayle
 And shewed how that he wolde to Rome without
 Ah, sayde the Duke, I feare yt wyll lyttell auyale
 He is not able to make restytucyon
 Alacke sayd the Duke yet am I gladde sauns fayle
 That he ys wyllyng to make hys confession.

Nowe ys Robert come to the forrest agayne
 And founde hys men all at dyner syttinge
 To conuerte them to goodnes he would full fayne
 And sayde my felowes, with pytious lamentynge
 Let vs remember oure synfull lyuyng
 And alke god mercy with greate repentaunce
 Yf we leade thys lyfe styll, yt will vs bryng
 To hell withoute ende, with horrible vengeance.

Let vs remember he saide our synfull lyfe
 We haue murdered people full cruellye
 Rauyshed maydens and many a wyfe
 Slayne prystes and hermytes full pytiouslye
 And abbeys haue ben dystroyed through our robbery
 With Nunnes, Ankers, take yt in remembraunce
 Howe we put them in iecopardie
 Wherfore I dreade hell, with horrible vengeance.

Houses we haue brentte many a one
 And spylte of chyldren much precyous bloude
 Compassion there, nor pytthy had we none
 In myscheyff we delyted, and neuer in good
 And nowe let vs remember hym that dyed on the rode
 That from vs yet hath kept hys sworde by susseraunce
 For and we nowe in deathes daunce stode
 To hell shoulde we go, with horrible vengeaunce.

One sayde Robert, what be youe there
 And stode up and began hym to skorne
 Will youe see fellowes : the fox wylbe an anker
 What master, ye be as wyse as a shepe newe shorne
 I trowe youre buttocke be prycked with a thorne
 For your wytt ys oute of temporaunce
 I woulde not haue thys tearme aboute borne
 That we shoulde to hell go with horrible venge-
 [aunce.

Another thefe saide master Roberte, harke
 To preache to vs yt ys all in vayne
 And what I saye, I praye you yt marke
 Thys lyfe wyll we leade in wordes playne
 Euer yet in these workes we haue be fayne
 For our synne we entendre not to do penaunce
 We wyll not forsake thoughe ye stryue vs agayne
 To hell woulde we rather go with horrible vengeaunce.

Than

Roberte the Deuyll.

27

Than Roberte fawe that they woulde not amende
But in myscheyf there to lyue styll
And to the poore men they wyll ofte offend
Thus then he conspyred in hys wyll
One after another for to kyll
To make short he kyllled them euerychone
He sayde ye haue be readye euer to do euyll
Therfore alyue wyll I not leaue one.

He tolde them a good seruaunte must haue good
Nowe do I paye youe after your deseruyng [wages
There dead in the floore all theyr bodyes sprayles
Robert shutt the doore and they laye within
And sayde of myscheyf this ys the endynge
So he thought to sett the house on fyre
But he dyd not, he yede a waye sighyng
And sayd alas I haue payde my men theyr hyre.

Than Robert toke hys horse and blessed hym
So throughe the forrest he toke the waye
Ouer hylles and downes fast rydynge
Thus rode he styll all a longe daye
And ofte for synne he cryed well awaye
Than of an abbaye he had a sight
Whiche ofte he had robbed in good faye
Alas saide Robert there will I lode to nyght.

D 2

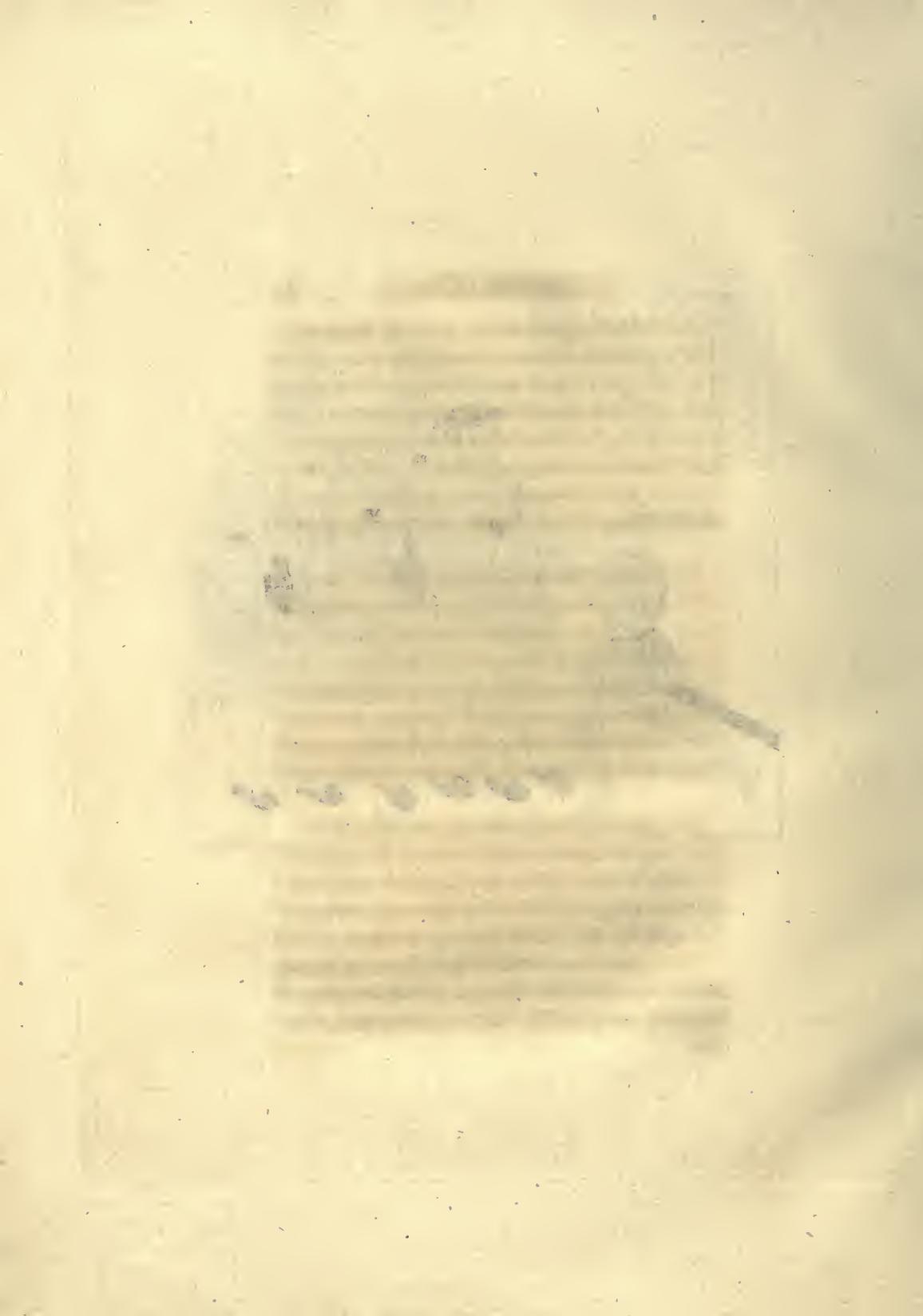
For

For faulfe of meate then he hongred sore
 And sayde to eate fayne I wolde haue some
 Alacke nowe that euer I was bore
 And when the monkes dyd se hym come
 Eche man hys waye fast dyd ronne
 And saide here cometh the furious serpent
 Roberte, which ys I trowe a deuylls sonne
 That in murmer and myscheif hath a greate talent.

Than forthe he rode to the churche dore
 And descended from his horse right there
 So he kneled downe in the floore
 And to oure lorde god he made hys prayer
 Sayinge, swete Jesu that bought me dere
 Haue mercy on me for that precyous bloude
 That ran from your hearte with longis speare
 Which stonge youe in the side hangyng on the roode.

Then vp he rose and went to the Abbot
 And sayde to hym with pitteouse lamentyng
 I haue bene so symple father, that ye well wot
 That nowe I feare the sworde that ys lyghtly comynge
 Of our lordes vengauance for my false lyuyng
 And of all that I haue offended vnto youe
 Forgeue me for hys loue that was hangyng [bowe]
 Seuen houres on the crosse and there hys head dyd
 And





Roberte the Deuyll.

29.

And when they hearde hym pitteousliye complayne
And in hys harde hearte toke repentaunce
The monkes all thereof were fayne
So there he tolde them all in substaunce
Howe he was in wylyng to suffer penaunce
And to Rome to take hys Journeye
So there he called to hys remembraunce
Of hys lodge and therof toke the abbot the keyes

Thys keye to the Abbot therē he toke
And tolde hym that he shoulde haue all the treasure
In the theues lodge yf that he woulde loke
That he had robbed syncē the fyrst houre
And saide my meynye lyen dead in the floore
The Abbot he prayed to geue hys father the keye
For I wyll not slepe one night where I do another
Tyll I in Rome with the pope speke maye.

And praye my father to make restytucyon
For me to all them that I dyd offend
I crye hym mercy also I am hys sonne
Hym for to myscheif also I dyd entende
But what thoughes; nowe I trust to amende
There Robert toke hys leaue of all the hole couent
Hys horse and hys sworde he to hys father sende
And so departed and on hys feete forthe wente.

Than

Than rode the Abbot to the Duke of Normandye
 And shewed of Robert all that was befall
 There he delyuered vp the keye
 And of hys entente he shewid the Duke all
 Then he hys men before hym dyd call
 And sayde I wyll ryde and restore the goodes agayne
 And euer man hys owne haue shall
 Then were the Dukes seruauntes all fayne.

Nowe Robert walked ouer dale and hyll
 By holte and heath, many a wery waye
 He laboured night and daye euer stylle
 At the last he came to Rome on Sherethursdaye
 All nyght poorely in the streate he laye
 And on the good frydaye to churche he went tywys
 Towardes the quyere and nothyng dyd saye
 For that daye the Pope sayed all the seruyce.

The Popes seruauntes bade hym go backe
 They smote Robert and thrust hym asyde
 Tho to hym self he sayde, oute alacke
 Yet he thought boldlyer for to abyde
 Where people were thynnest there he espyed
 So prest amonge them tyll he came to the pope
 And fell downe to hys fete and loude there he cryed
 As rayne the teares fell fro hys eyes god wotte.

The





Roberte the Deuyll.

31

The popes seruauntes would haue pulled hym asyde
Oure holy father, yet aunswered naye
Medle not with hym, lett hym abdyde
That I maye here what he dothe saye ;
Robert aunswered I am here thys daye
The synfullest lyuer that euer was founde
Sync Adam was made in Canaan of claye
I am the greatest synner that lyued on grounde.

The pope sayde what art thou good frende
And whye makest thou thy lamentacon
Oh good father saide Robert to god I haue offended
I defyre you to heare my confession
Of my greate synnes the abhomynacon
On them to muse yt ys vnnumerable
Vice and I rested all waye in one habytacion
With murder and euery vnthryfste culپable.

Art thou Robert the deuyll sayde the pope than
That ys the worst creature of all the worlde yll
Yee yee syr sayde Robert I am the same man
Greate myscheyf haue I do, and muche yll
As to robbe and flea, both burne and kyll
The pope sayd, here in goddes name I thee warne
By uertue of hys passion stande here stylly
Do to me nor my men no maner of harme.

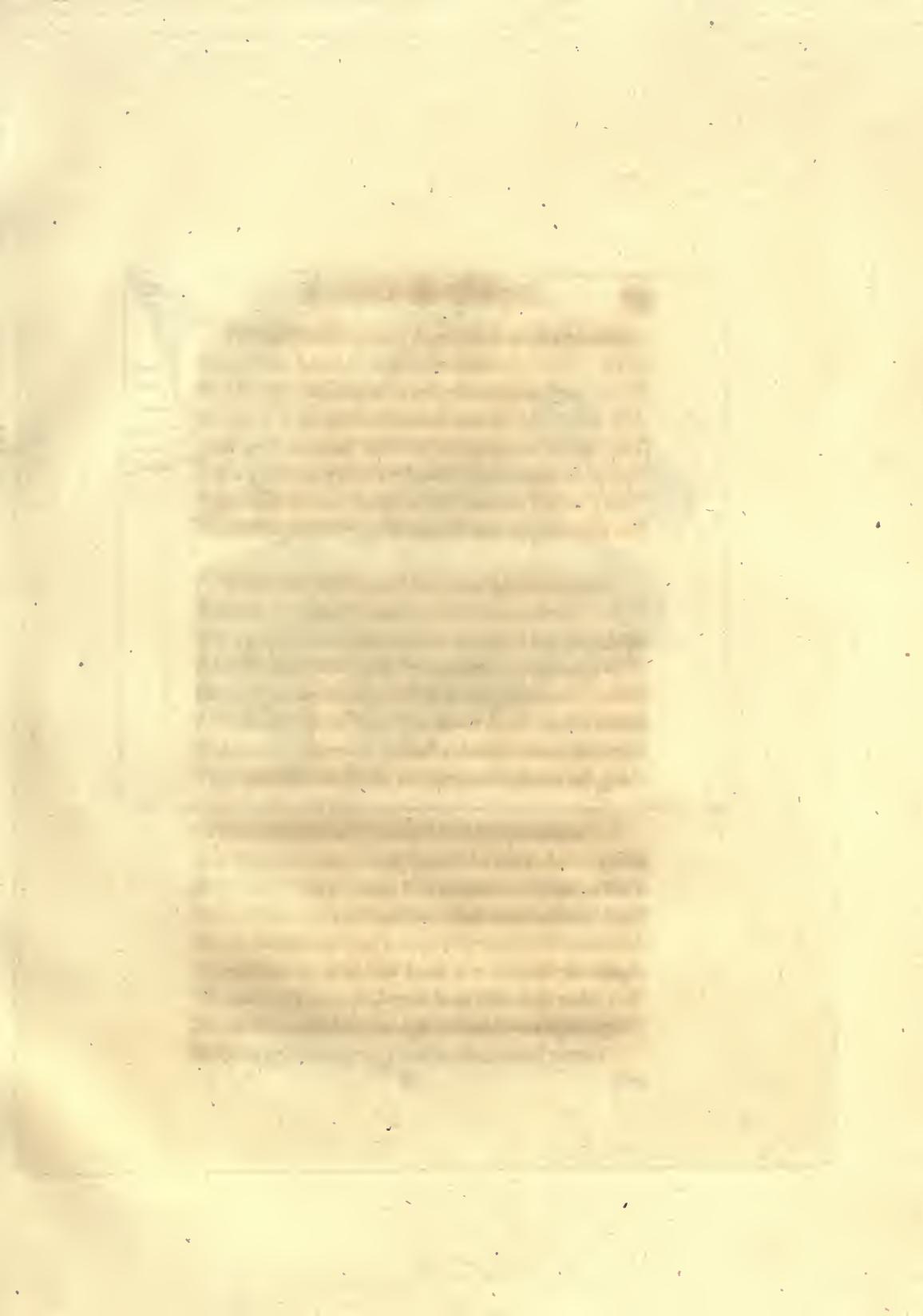
Naye

Naye naye sayde Robert, never chrysten man
 Wyll I herte by night nor daye
 The pope toke hym by the hande than
 And bade hym hys confession to hym saye
 Thereto Robert woulde not saye naye
 But all hys synnes confessed and tolde
 The pope whan he hym hearde dyd quake for fraye
 For to heare hys synnes hys hearte waxed nye colde.

And tolde howe hys mother gaue hym to the feende
 In the houre of hys fyrt contemplacyon [of hell
 The pope sayd Robert I thee tell
 Thou must go to an hermyte three miles withoute the
 Robert sayde with good will thys shalbe done [towne
 Then wente he to the popes goostlye father
 The pope commaunded hym so to done
 That the hermyte myght hys confession heare.

In the mornynge Robert walked ouer hyll and dale
 He was full werye of his labouryng
 At the laste he came in to a greate vale
 And founde same hermyte standinge
 Hespake with the hermyte, and shewed of hys lyuyng
 And tolde that he was sente fro the pope of Rome
 But when that holy man hearde hys confession
 He sayd brother ye be right wellcome.

And





Roberte the Deuyll. 33

And for youre synnes euer youe muste be sory
For as yet I will not affoylle youe
In a lyttell chappell all nyght shall youe lye
Do ye as I do youe councell nowe
Aske god mercye, and let youre hearte bowe
For all thys nyght I wyll wake and praye
Vnto oure lorde, that I maye knowe
Yf in saluacion ye do stande in the waye.

So they departed, the hermyte fell on slepe
An aungell sodenlye to hym dyd appeare
And saide to Goddes commaundement take good kepe
And of Robertes pennaunce thou shalt heare,
He muste counterfeyt a fole in all manere
The meate that he shall eate, he muste pull yt from
And neuer to speake, but as he dombe weare [a dogge
Thys pennaunce done, he shalbe forgeuen of god.

The hermyte with that shortlye dyd awake
And called Robert, and spaek to hym [take
And saide heare nowe the pennaunce that ye shall
God commaundeth the to counterfet a foole in all
thinge
Meate none to eate, withoute a dogge do yt bryngē
To the in hys mouth, then muste thou yt eate
No worde to speake, but as bdombe euer beyngē
With dogges every nyght also thou must sleepe.

The hermyte said, tyll thy synnes be forges
 Thou must do as I haue here sayde
 With thys sharpe pennance thou must lyue
 Tyll god of hys debtes by the be payde
 Forget not thys, in thy hearte let it be layde
 At the last god wyll sende the worde agayne
 Robert wepte as though he shoulde haue dyed
 And sayde thys pennance will I do full fayne.

The hermyte bade hym remember althyng
 And whan thy synnes be cleane forgeuen the
 By an Aungell god wyll sende the warnyng
 Nowe maye thou no longer byde with me
 Robert blessed the hermyte then trewlye
 So eche toke theyr leave of other
 Nowe god for euer be wyth the
 He sayd to Robert, nowe farewell brother.

There poore Robert departed fro the hermyte
 And blessed hym and agayne went to Rome
 For to do hys pennance in the strete
 And whan that he thether was come
 Lyke as he had ben a foole he dyd ronne
 And lepte and daunced from one syde to another
 Many folke laughed at hym foone
 And wende he had ben a foole, they knew none other.

Boyes

Boyes folowed hym throughe the strete
Castyng styckes and stones at hym
And some with roddes hys bodye dyd beate
The chyldren made greate shoutes and cryenge
Burges of the cyttie at Robert laye laughynge
Oute of theyr wyndowes to se hym playe
The boyes threwe dyrte and myre at hym
Thus contynewd Robert manye a daye.

Thus he played the foole on a season
He came on a tyme to the Emperours Courte
And fawe that the gate stode all open
Robert ranne into the hall and beganne to worke
So daunced and lept and aboute so starte
At the laste the Emperoure had pyttie on hym
Howe he taere hys clothes and gnew hys shyrte
And bade a seruaunte meate hym for to bryngē:

Thys seruaunte brought Robert plentye of meatē
So proferde hyt hym and saide go dyne
Robert sate styll he woulde not eatē
Yet god wotte hys belly greate pyne
At last themperoure sayde yonder ys a hounde of myne
And bade hys seruaunte throwe hym a bone
So he dyd, and whan Robert yt had spyne
Alack thought Robert, he shall not eatē yt alone.

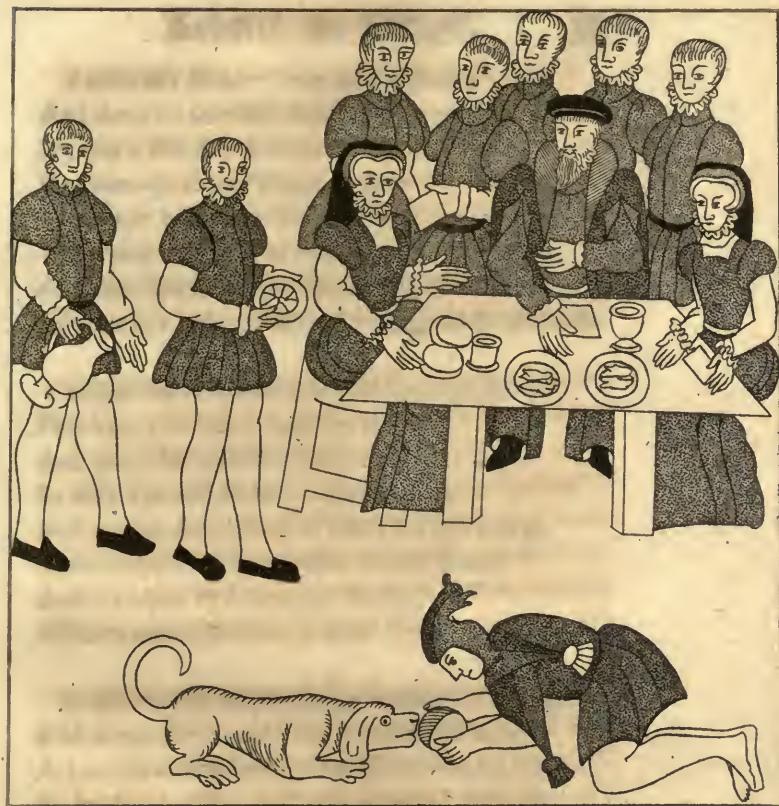
He lept from the table and with the dogge faught
 And all for to haue the bone awaie
 The hounde at the last by the fyngers hym caught
 So styl in hys mowthe he kepte hys praye,
 Whan Robert sawe that, downe he laye
 The dogge gnewe the one ende and Robert the other
 The Emperoure laughed whan he that sawe
 And sayde the dogge and he fought harde together.

The Emperoure sawe that he was hongrye
 And bade to throwe the dogge a hole loffe
 Whan Robert sawe that he was glad greateleye
 For to lose hys parte he was right lothe,
 And agayne to the dogge he goeth
 So brake the loffe a sonder and to the hounde
 He gaue the one halfe to saye the sothe
 And eate the other as the dogge dyd on the grounde.

The Emperoure saide, syth that I was borne.
 Sawe I neuer a more foole naturall
 Nor suche an ydeot sawe I neuer beforne
 That had leuer eate that that to the dogge dyd fall
 Rather then that that was proffered hym in the hall
 Than Robert toke hys staffe and smote at forme and
 stile

What sorowe was in hys hearte they knewe not all.
 There men were gladde to see hym playe the foole.

At





At the last Robert went into a garden
And there he founde a fayre fountayne
He was a thurst and whan he had dronken
He wente in to hys dogge agayne
To folowe hym euer he was fayne
Thus vnder a stayre at nyght laye the hounde
And euer hys pennance Robert dyd not dysdayne
Allwaye hys bed was with the dogge on the grounde

Whan the Emperoure espyed hym lye there
Fett hym a bed to a man dyd he saye
And lett yt be layed for hym under the stayre
So they dyd and Robert poynted as naye
And woulde have them to beare the bed awaye
Then they fett hym an arme full of strawe
And therupon by hys dogge he laye
All men marueyled that yt sawe

Muche myrth and sporte he made euer amonge
And as the Emperoure was at dynner on a daye
A Jue sate at the borde, that greate rowme longe
In that house beare, and was receyued all waye
Than Roberte hys dogge toke in hys armes in faye
And touched the Jue and he ouer hys sholder loked
backe

Robert set the dogges ars to hys mowth without naye
Full-foore the Emperoure loughe whan he sawe that.

Robert.

Robert sawe a bryde that shoulde be maryed
 And soone he toke her by the hande
 So into a foule donge myxen he her caryed
 And in the myre he let her stande
 The Emperoure stode and behelde hym longe
 At the last Robert toke a quycke Catte
 And ranne into the kechyn amonge the thronge
 And threwe her quycke into the beefe potte.

Lordes and barons loughe that they coulde not
 To see hym make myrth withoute harme [stande
 They saide he was the meryest in all that lande
 With that a messenger the Emperoure dyd warne
 That aboute rome was many a Sarasyne
 And saide the Seneschall hathe gathered a great armee
 Because ye wyll not let your daughter haue hym
 He purposeth all Rome for to dystroye.

Thys Emperoure had a doughter that coulde not
 The whiche the Seneschall loued as hys lyfe [speake
 And ofte with the Emperoure he dyd treate
 For to haue her vnto hys wyfe
 And for that cause the Seneschall made thys stryfe
 Because the Emperoure in nowise woulde
 Geue hym hys doughter, he swere ofte sythe
 Maugre hys head wynne her he shoulde.





Roberte the Deugli.

39

The Emperoure heard of the Sarafyns that were
For to dystroye theyr chryftyan Countrey [come
He made a crye in greate Rome
That younge and olde shoulde make readye
As manye as were betwene fystene and fyxtye
Lordes barons and knyghtes drewe out of euery cost
With an houge compayne and a myghtye
They thought for to Fell the Sarafyns greate hoste.

So forth withall bothe these hostes mette
Wyth weapons bright and stedes stronge
So with soore strokes together they sette
Theyr speares brauste in peces longe
Many a doughtye was slayne in that thronge
Greate horses stamped in yron wedes
Oure chrysten men were put to the wronge
With woundes depen that full sore bledes.

Oure lorde on hys seruauntes had compassion
And sent an Aungell with horse and armure
Vnto Robert as he dranke in the garden
There the Aungell bade hym arme hym sure [dure
And saide bestryde thys good stede that longe will en-
And in all haste go ryde and helpe the Emperoure
Alacke thought Robert nede hath no cure
Than rode he forth the space of an houre.

He

He rode into the thyckest of the fyelde
 And hue and slewe of the Sarafyns a greate numbre
 No steele nor harburgyn that with hyin helde
 Hys dentes rouges as yt had ben thonder
 He smote mennes bodyes cleane a sonder
 Hys sworde made many a head to blede
 That the Emperoure had greate wonder
 What knyght yt was that he sawe so doughtye in
 [dede.

With the helpe of god and Robert that knyght
 That daye the Sarafyns loste the fyelde
 And whan that ended was that fyght
 Euery man houered and behelde
 Where that whyte knyght was that wepon dyd welde
 But Robert wente into the garden
 And layde downe bothe harnes and shylde
 Yt vanyshed a waye, he wyft not where yt became.

And all thys sawe the Emperours doughter
 That the Aungell brought Robert the whyte stede
 And howe at the welles syde he dyd of all hys armure
 Theroft she had greate maruayle in dede
 At the last the Emperours men dyd of theyr wede
 And came to dynar into theyr lordes hall
 The Emperoure said this daye Jesu dyd vs sped
 And the white knyght fayre must hym befall.

Than

Roberte the Deuyll.

43

Than Robert came in lyke a foole playinge
Into the hall, and leapte from place to place
The Emperoure was glad to se Robert daunsyng
Than he spyd a great race of bloude in Robertes face
But that he gate when he in the battayle was
The Emperoure wende that hys seruauntes had hurt
And saide, there ys some rybaude in this place [hym so
That hath hurte my Robert, that no harm can do.

The Emperoure asked whether that whyte knyght
Hys lordes aunswered, we can not faye [was gone
At the last hys daughter that was bothe deafe and
Euer she poyned to Robert allwaye [dombe
Her father wondred at her in good faye
And asked her mystres, what hys doughter ment
She said, she meaneth that Robert thys daye [dente.
Holpe youe to wynne the fyelde with hys doughty

Her mystres said that Robertes greate bloudye race
Youre doughter meaneth he had it in the fyelde
At her wordes the Emperoure ashamed was
And waxed angrye and that hys doughter behelde
He saide thys folysh mayde thynketh he fought in the
He bade her mestres teache her more better [fiedle
Far and she will not wyser be in her elde
A foole shall she dye, there maye no man let her.

F

Than

Than the seconde tyme the Sarasins came to Rome
 And with the Emperoure fought afore fyele
 The Aungell agayne to Robert dyd come
 And then he rode forth hys weapon to welde
 He perished brestplates and many ashylde
 He strooke of bothe legge and arme
 The Empéroure that knyght agayne behelde
 To watche for hym hys men he dyd warne.

But he was gone they wist not whether
 So on the morowe an other fyele was pyght
 The Emperoure charged every man to do his endeuer
 For to haue knownen that whyte knyght
 So on the morowe that they shoulde fyght
 Syxe knyghtes laye in a woode preuelye and styll
 They sayde we wyll of that noble man haue a fighc
 And to our lorde brynge hym we wyll.

On the morowe the sunne shone bright
 Bothe partyes there was assembled
 All the fyele gaue a greate lyght
 Of the gleyues that glystred, the stedes trembled
 A wonder to heare the brydes that gyngled
 With arbelaters they shot many a quarell
 All the grounde of the noyse rombled [well.
 Throughe the helpe of Robert the Chrysten men sped
 That

That daye Roberte proued hym doughtye of hande
 Manye fro theyr horses downe he dyd shlynge
 None was able hys dente for to with stande
 There men myght heare greate rappes ryng
 The noyse of gunnes made such a bellowyng
 All the fytelde sowned as yt had ben thonder
 Of bloude greate gutters they myght se runnyng
 And many a knyghtes head cleste a sonder.

All Sarafyns fled, the chrysten won the fytelde.
 Robert rode awaye than full pruyelye
 The knyghtes in the wodde hym behelde.
 And lowde vnto hym beganne to crye
 Syr knyght speake with vs for thy courtesye.
 Robert thought not agayne to turne
 The other knyghtes rode after hastelye [runnes].
 And smote theyr horses with spores and after dyd.

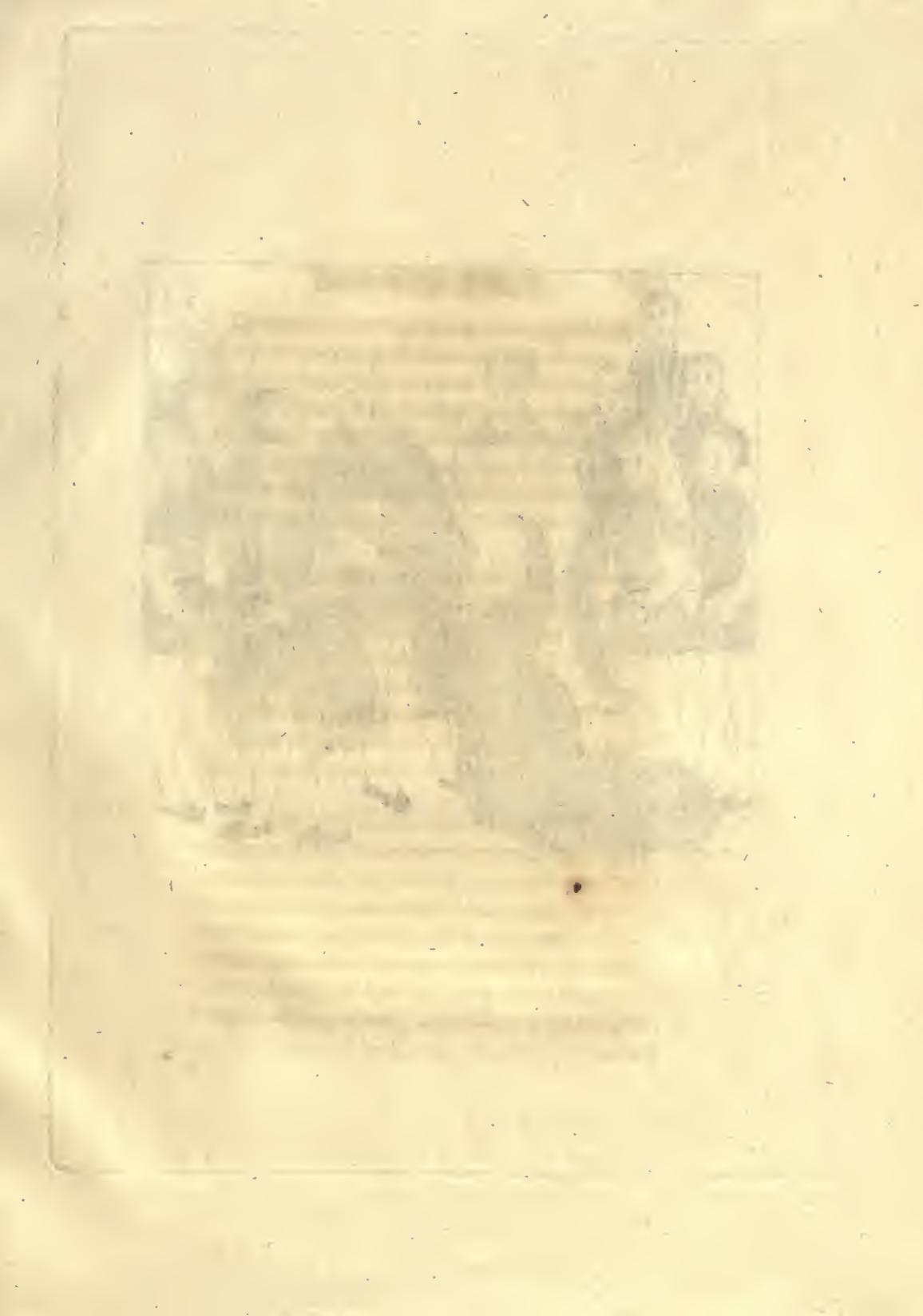
Roberte ranne ouer dale and hyll
 Hys stede was good that he had there
 A bolde knyght folowed after hym styll
 And into the rest he threwe hys speare
 So strongelye to Robert he hyt beare
 To haue slayne hys horse, and smote hym in the thy.
 The speare head brast, and in hys legge bode there.
 Than was thys gentle knyght full soorye.

Backe agayne rode than thys knyght so bolde
 And shewed the Emperoure that he was gone agayne
 There of hys speare heade he hym tolde
 To see hym quod the Emperoure I woulde full fayne
 Than throughe all hys lande he dyd proclayme
 That he that woulde shewe the greate wounde with
 the speare head
 Shoulde haue hys daughter, and not her layne
 Vnto hys wyfe her for to wedde.

When the Seneschall hearde the proclamation
 He made hymself a greate wounde throughe the thye
 So gate a speare and whyte armoure soone
 And so rode to the Emperoure with all hys meynye
 And said Syr Emperoure that valyaunt knyght am I
 That faud youe thre tymes fro grame
 The Emperoure said to hym, thou art not lykelye
 And bade hym holde hys peace for shame

At last the Seneschall shewed hym hys wounde
 And said, beholde thys and the head of the speare
 The Emperoure was abashed in that stounde
 So there he gaue the Seneschall hys daughter
 And on the morowe he shoulde be maryed vnto her
 So was the Emperoure by hym beguyled
 He wende verelye that he had ben there
 And fought in the fielde as a knyght doughted.

On





On the morowe thys greate weddyng shoulde be
That the Seneschall shoulde haue hys daughter
And so brought her to churche, the seruyce began
There by myrakle thys lady spake to her father [ready
And saide thys traytoure he hath beguyled youe here
For Robert was he that helpe you in the fyelde
I sawe an Aungell bryng hym bothe shylde and speare
With these two wordes downe on her knees she kneled.

And the Emperoure whan he sawe hys daughter
For ioye he was nere oute of hys mynde [speake
And thanked god for that myracle greate
Than the Seneschall with shame shranke behynde
So to the Pope the Emperoure dyd wynde
The mayde tolde the Pope what Robert had done
And brought them to the welle the speare head to fynde
And betwene two stones she espyed yt sone.

Than went to seke Robert bothe lordes and ladyes
At the laste they founde hym lye vnder the stayre
Amonge the dogges and with them dydde eate
They desyred hym to speake with wordes fayre
But he made signes as he coulde not heare
With that came an hermyte & toke hym by the sleue
Sent thereth by god he was hys goostlye father
And bade hym speake, sayinge hys synnes were forgaue.
Yet

Yet was he afearde to speake, and durst not
 The Emperoure prayed hym to se hys thye
 Robert woulde not heare, but whan he sawe the Pope
 He ranne and played hys tauntes about lyghtlye
 The pope bade hym speake for the loue of Marye
 Robert hym scorned and gaue hym hys blesсыng
 He woulde not breake hys pennaunce, he had leuer dye
 Then the hermyte bade hym speake, forgeuen is thy
 [synne.

With that Robert fell downe on hys knee
 And thanked Jesu that forgaue hym hys myflyuynge
 The pope and the Emperoure were glad trewlye
 But most of all that ladye made reioysynge
 That was the Emperours doughter that yongelynge
 Desyringe her father that she myght Robert wedde
 For thy askynge said he, I gyue the my blesсыng
 In all the haste daughter yt shalbe spedde.

Than Robert maryed the Emperours doughter
 A feast was holde of great solempnytie
 Eche of them were full gladde of other
 And at the last when ended was thys ryaltye
 He toke leaue of the Emperoure and to hys owne
 He yede for the imp hys father was dead [countrye
 Also a false knyght put hys mother in greate iopardye
 Whych Robert at the laste hyngē by the headde.

With

With hys mother he mette in the cyttee of Rome
The Duches was then glad and blythe
That Robert her sonne so vertuous was come home
Whiche in hys youthe lyued so myscheuous a lyfe
Than all men loued hym, boþt mayde and wyfe
Tyll it befell vpon a certayne daye
A messenger came from the Emperoure full swythe
And prayed hym to come to Rome in all the hast he
mayc

He tolde that the Seneschall had greate warre
With hys lorde the Emperoure in dede
Robert sent after men nye and farre
In all the haste thether he gan sped
But ere he came was done a myscheuous dede
The Seneschall the Emperoure had slayne
For sorowe Robertes hearte dyd blede
In fyelde he woulde haue fought full fayne.

The Seneschall hearde that Robert was come
And purposed for to mete hym in the fyelde
He reared up many a black Sarason
With wepon stronge boþe speare and shyelde
So ether partyes other behelde
And fought together a greate batteyill
There Robert with hys handes the Seneschall kylde
So to hys countrey returned without fayle.

And

And whan he came agayne to Normandye
 He dreade euer god and kepte hys lawe
 So lyued he full deuoutelye
 For all thyngे woulde he do vnder awe
 And punyshē Rebelles both hange and drawe
 Than was he called the seruaunte of god
 No thefe woulde he faue that he myght knowe
 For dreade of goddes rightheousnes the sharpe rodde.

One chylde by the Emperours daughter he had
 That was a knyght with Kinge charles of Fraunce
 In manfull dedes he hys lyfe ladde
 Doughty he was bothe with speare and launce
 Lo, thy Robert ended hys lyfe in pennaunce
 And whan he dyed hys soule went to heauen hye
 Nowe all men beare these in remembraunce
 He that lyueth well here, no euyll death shall dye.

Yonge and olde that delyteth to reade in storye
 Yt shall yōue styrre to uertuous lyuynge
 And cause some to haue theyr memorye
 Of the paynes of hell, that ys euer duryngē
 By readyngē bookeſ men knowe all thyngē
 That euer was done, and hereafter shall be
 Idlenes to myscheif many a one doth bryngē
 And specyally as we daylye may ſee.

Take

Robert the Deuyll.

49

Take you ensample of thys story olde
 Howe that he in youth dyd greate vengeaunce
 In doyng myscheife he was euer bolde
 Tyll god sent to hym good remembraunce
 And after that he toke suche repentaunce
 That he was called the seruaunte of god by name
 And so contynewed without varyaunce
 God geue vs grace that we may do the same.

Here endeth the lyfe of
 Robert the Deuyll.









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